

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

No. 403.

NEW SERIES.

No. 13.

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine.

JANUARY, 1898.



PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND Co.
BALTIMORE: JOHN MURPHY AND Co.
NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO: BENZIGER BROTHERS.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

Imperfectly-adapted Spectacles are the cause of many cases of Blindness

MR. FREDERICK HESLOP, M.B.O.A.,

THE RECOGNIZED CATHOLIC OCULIST OPTICIAN,

Formerly attached to the Royal Eye Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne,

PERSONALLY ADAPTS HIS IMPROVED SPECTACLES.

69, Fore Street, London, E.C.

Consultation, and the necessary spectacles supplied, at the following inclusive charges :—**7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s.** per pair. Attendance daily, 9.15 to 6.45. Saturdays, till 4.

Kindly refer to Advertisement, page 142, in "Catholic Directory," 1897.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUPERIORS OF RELIGIOUS HOUSES AND COLLEGES.

MR. FREDERICK HESLOP visits the above, by appointment, anywhere within a twenty mile radius of the G.P.O., upon payment of second class fare only, in addition to the price of the spectacles supplied. Beyond twenty miles up to fifty, the fee is 10s. per visit.

Just published, price One Shilling.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT, AND THE GUNPOWDER PLOTTERS

IN REPLY TO PROFESSOR GARDINER,

BY JOHN GERARD, S.J.

WITH FACSIMILES OF DOCUMENTS,

AND AN APPENDIX.

LONDON AND NEW YORK :

HARPER & BROTHERS,

45, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

BY THE REV. JOHN MORRIS, S.J.

Daily Duties : An Instruction for Novices. 6d. net, by post 7d.

Meditation : An Instruction for Novices. 6d. net, by post 7d.

Vocation, or Preparation for the Vows: with a further Instruction on Mental Prayer. 6d. net, by post 7d.

Instructions for Novices. The three above Instructions together, in cloth, post free, 2s. net.

The Adorable Heart of Jesus. By Father JOSEPH DE GALLIFFET, S.J. Third Edition. With Preface and Introduction by the Rev. R. F. CLARKE, S.J. 3s.

MANRESA PRESS, ROEHAMPTON, LONDON, S.W.



The Life of Cardinal Wiseman.

NEXT month we shall hope to devote a more careful appreciation of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life and Character of Cardinal Wiseman*. It is not many days since the book came into our hands, and we feel the need of more time to study it as it deserves. We must not, however, omit to welcome it at once at least with a few brief words. We have waited for it a considerable time, and have lost in succession two biographers who from their intimate knowledge of the Cardinal were so well qualified to write about him. Such a loss must always be regretted, and we feel it probably more, not less, after reading the few fragments of Father Morris's projected work which Mr. Ward has incorporated in his own. Still Mr. Ward's talent for biography, assisted by the wealth of materials which had been placed in his hands, has enabled him to supply the loss far better than we could have anticipated. The portraiture may not be quite as distinct as would have been given by a competent writer of the Cardinal's own generation, but we have at all events a picture drawn which those who knew Cardinal Wiseman can recognize as faithful and lifelike. We have too what perhaps the biographers whom we have lost could not have given us so satisfactorily as an artist like Mr. Ward, a vivid delineation of the dramatic element in so historical a life.

For Cardinal Wiseman's life was a true drama, the drama of the Restoration of the Hierarchy. It is from this centre that we necessarily view all else, both what preceded and what succeeded. During the times of persecution the Church of England was administered by Vicars Apostolic, that is, by prelates governing, not in their own names as ordinaries, but as delegates of the Holy See, which takes under its own immediate care all such districts as are not yet ripe for the normal conditions of ecclesiastical government. But with the gradual abatement of the persecution it became an object of desire that Bishops in ordinary, duly constituted under an Archbishop into

a province capable of synodical action, might be restored to this country, and many applications were made to obtain the concession from Rome. Until the middle of the present century, however, the Holy See did not look with a very favourable eye on such applications, partly, no doubt, because it did not consider the English Catholics to be as yet a sufficiently numerous body, but perhaps still more because of the anti-Roman spirit which seemed to be inspiring the applicants. When, however, the application was renewed in 1847, this unwholesome spirit, if it had not altogether died out in the country, was at all events entirely absent from the minds of those who were working for the Hierarchy. Bishops Wiseman and Ullathorne, who then advocated the cause at Rome, and those in England by whom they were deputed, were surpassed by none in their loyalty to the Holy See. Indeed, to confine attention to the prelate with whom we are now concerned, the desire to encourage a larger and more truly Catholic and Roman spirit, was the leading motive of his life. But he felt also most deeply, and, as the sequel has shown, most justly, that the Church in England could not hope to make great advances, until it was able to enjoy those advantages for effective action which belong only to a hierarchical organization.

In spite of these altered circumstances, there was some opposition at Rome to the project of Restoration. Among other matters, the Court of Rome desired to show consideration to the wishes of the English Government, which they imagined might feel aggrieved by the presence of a Hierarchy in their midst. We know how well founded such presentiments were, but Lord John Russell had more than once expressed himself as indifferent to the arrangements for the exercise of their spiritual jurisdiction which the Catholics, or any other religious bodies in the kingdom, might desire to make for themselves. Probably then our Hierarchy would have been established a few years earlier than it actually was, had it not been for the revolutionary disturbance which just then forced Pius IX. to seek refuge in the Neapolitan territory. This disaster necessarily caused delay, but the preparatory work was continued without interruption by the Congregations all through the trying times, as if to assimilate the conditions under which the Holy See provided us with our new succession to the conditions under which St. Gregory gave us our first.

It is not necessary to tell the well-known story of the publication on September 29, 1850, of the Brief by which the Hierarchy was constituted, with Wiseman, now Cardinal, as its chief. England went mad in a manner which now seems inexplicable, and the Prime Minister was forced by the outcry into contradiction with his own previous utterances, on which the Holy See had been relying. It is sometimes said that Cardinal Wiseman's letter of announcement, dated, according to the established etiquette, from "without the Flaminian Gate," was what first kindled the fire of popular excitement. But, as Mr. Ward shows, the *Times* had already sounded its note of indignation on the issue of the Brief, before that letter of announcement reached the country; and when the letter arrived, it was precisely the existent and growing excitement which created in Father Whitty's mind the doubt whether he ought to publish it. Still, there can be no doubt that the Cardinal's letter added fuel to the flame. In it he spoke grandiloquently of having been appointed "to govern the counties of Middlesex, Hertford, and Essex, as Ordinary thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Kent, Berkshire, and Hampshire, with the islands annexed, as Administrator with ordinary jurisdiction." Of course he claimed only spiritual jurisdiction over these districts, but the untutored English mind at once jumped to the conclusion that temporal jurisdiction was intended, and that it was in presence of a deliberate purpose to upset the throne and deprive Englishmen of their liberties. Looking back we cannot but regret that Cardinal Wiseman was not better advised in his choice of terms, but he does not seem to have foreseen in the least the interpretation to which his language would be subjected. He had not anticipated that his letter would be found interesting to any save those who were prepared to receive him as their spiritual ruler.

As soon, however, as he realized the state of affairs, he set to work to remove the mistaken impression, and it is wonderful how quickly and completely he succeeded. *The Address to the English People*, written in the short space of three or four days, and amidst incessant interruptions, was his first step in this direction, and its effect was instantaneous. It was printed *in extenso* in all the daily papers, though it took up six columns and a half in the *Times*, and, this notwithstanding, thirty thousand copies of the pamphlet itself were sold before the week was out. Mr. Ward prints its salient passages, and after reading them no

one will be surprised at the acknowledgment of its skill which reached the Cardinal from all sides. "Our anti-Papacy zealots," said, for instance, the *Weekly News*, "hardly knew that Dr. Wiseman had left the Flaminian Gate when, lo, he appears, and issues a manifesto in which he certainly deals slashing blows among his assailants right and left, even if he does not succeed in parrying all those that have been aimed at his own party. We have seldom read an abler specimen of controversial writing than this document." The "Appeal" did not at once stop the agitation—that could hardly have been expected; but it does seem at once to have convinced all the square-headed members of the community that the country was making itself ridiculous. Hence an instantaneous change to this extent, that men like Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Roebuck were able to command public attention when they delivered their protest, and hence also, when the threatened Bill against the holders of illegal ecclesiastical titles was brought forward in Parliament, the savage provisions of its original form was converted into provisions which have remained perfectly harmless ever since.

The Cardinal followed up his Address by sermons and other expedients, and seems to have surprised even those who knew him best by the skill and force with which he rose to the occasion. Nor does he seem to have been much disturbed by the outcry. When involved in domestic disputes in which his administration was opposed, or his actions censured, he usually gave way to depression of spirits, and became fretful. But he stood up against the violence of this national panic in perfect calmness, and never seems to have lost his temper or failed in courtesy. Was it that he was an accurate observer, and perceived how fictitious the agitation was, and how slight its hold on the great heart of the English people?

Certainly his after-life showed how well he understood his fellow-countrymen. By his lectures on scientific subjects, and in other ways, he was brought more and more into familiar relations with them, and as they learnt to know him personally they fell under the charm of his genial manners. So it came to pass that from a national aversion he became something of a popular favourite, as was witnessed by the unwonted displays of sympathy and interest which marked his splendid funeral in 1854.

In the present brief notice we have only been able to touch slightly on this one matter of his relations with the English

people, but we must thank Mr. Ward for his brilliant treatment, not of this only, but of so many other interesting phases and aspects of Wiseman's career. Some of them required very delicate handling, and they have received it. In particular the dissension between Wiseman and Errington, on which a recent writer had cast such a false light, is admirably discussed with the aid of one of Father Morris's two fragments. In the *Life of Cardinal Manning* this episode appeared to be most disedifying, and to reflect seriously on Manning's good reputation. As it appears now we have only an illustration of those disagreements which result from difference of personal character and are forced on simply because both parties desire according to their lights to act conscientiously.

Contributions towards a Life of Father Henry Garnet, S.J.

[The present writer has long been convinced that if we are to form a sound opinion as to Father Garnet's attitude towards the Gunpowder Plot, in connection with which his name is chiefly known, we must acquaint ourselves with his character and whole career. The documents bearing specifically upon the Plot, and his conduct in relation thereto, have been so elaborately discussed as to preclude the hope of reaching any final conclusion by further examination of them, for it is acknowledged by the highest authorities, that the evidence thus afforded is not conclusive. Mr. Jardine, who strongly inclines to a belief in Father Garnet's guilt, frankly confesses that this does not depend upon the "fair effect" of the documentary evidence accessible to us, and Professor Gardiner declares that Garnet's own account of his conduct is "in all probability the exact truth." On the other hand, there exist, chiefly in the archives of Stonyhurst College, abundant materials from which to construct a living portrait of the man himself, his thoughts, his aspirations, and his designs. These are furnished by his confidential correspondence with the General of the Society of Jesus, at Rome, Father Robert Parsons, and others, to whom there can be no question that he unbosomed himself without reserve, and we are thus enabled to judge whether he was the kind of man who can possibly have had any sympathy with the wild and wicked project so persistently attributed to him.

I had accordingly commenced his biography upon these lines, intending, so far as was possible, to allow him to draw his own picture, and tell the story of his own life, citing the actual words, or at least the substance, of every discoverable document from his pen, and omitting nothing which could throw any light upon his motives and methods of action, especially as regards State affairs. Incidentally, I believed, such a biography would likewise furnish interesting and valuable illustrations of the condition of Catholics during the latter years of Queen Elizabeth and those immediately following the accession of James I.

Some little progress having been made towards the execution of this design, I now find it interrupted by circumstances which render it doubtful whether I shall ever be able to resume the task, and I accordingly propose to put on record in the pages of *THE MONTH* what I have been able to prepare, that it may at least be available for use by future writers.

I have to thank Mr. F. J. Baigent, for much invaluable information respecting Father Garnet's school-days at Winchester.—J. G.]

I. EARLY LIFE.

HENRY GARNET was born at Heanor, in Derbyshire, towards the latter part of the year 1555, being the son of Brian Garnet,

and his wife Alice Jay.¹ His parents, who were followers of the new religion, are said to have been well to do and highly respected, and his father, who was a man of learning, taught in the free school of Nottingham.²

In his twelfth year—August 24, 1567—the boy was elected a scholar on Wykeham's famous foundation at Winchester,³ although he had to wait exactly a twelvemonth more before being actually admitted.

It is clear that on coming to school he fell under religious influences very different from those of his home, which, turning his mind to the Catholic Church, altered the entire course of his life.

Nowhere did the change of religion introduced by Queen Elizabeth encounter more determined opposition than at Winchester. The inhabitants of the city made themselves conspicuous, till a period considerably later than that of Henry Garnet's school-days, by their attitude of stubborn resistance to the new worship,⁴ while the dignitaries of the Cathedral follow-

¹ This appears from the Register of Winchester College, where the contemporary entry of his name stands thus, under date of August 24, 1567:

"Henricus Garnet de Henmore, admissus eodem die: 11 Nat. Dni. praet.—Lichfield."

This means that he had been eleven about the preceding Christmas, the age of scholars being constantly described by the more notable festival coming nearest to their birthday.

The last item in the entry shows that he was a native of the diocese of Lichfield.

² Father John Gerard, *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot* (Edit. Morris, 1872), p. 297.

³ As to the influence by which a nomination was obtained for one living in Nottinghamshire, Mr. Baigent supplies two conjectures:

(i) There were at the time three fellows of the College who were natives of that county, John Scott, John Allwood (neither of them Wykehamists), and George Flower.

(ii) Two persons of the name of Garnet had not long before held benefices in Hampshire, and, as this is not a Hampshire name, they may have been connected with Father Garnet's family. The first of these, Milo Garnet, was Vicar of Wymering, 1517—1551; the second, Thomas Garnet, Rector of Wickham, 1537—8—1554, in which year he was deprived for heresy by Bishop Gardiner. Though he never recovered his living, he may easily have had sufficient influence under Elizabeth to procure such a nomination. It may be noticed that Father Garnet's nephew was named Thomas.

⁴ On January 12, 1561—2, Bishop Horne, of iconoclastic fame, wrote to Sir William Cecil: "Having many weys endeavored and travailled to bring and reduce th' inhabitants of the cite of Winchester to good uniformitie in Religion, and namely to have the cures there served as the common prayer might be frequented, which hath not bene done sithen the massing tyme, and also that goode and sounde doctryne might be taught amongst them, which they as yeat do not so well like and allowe, I coulde not by any meanes hetherto bring the same to passe. At the length, considering the churches there to have small lyvinge to meyntheyn the curats of the same,

ing the example of their Bishop, John White, refused the oath of supremacy.¹

As to the attitude of the College authorities, it is not very easy to speak precisely, the evidence being somewhat contradictory. So important a personage, indeed, as Thomas Hyde, the head-master, boldly refused the oath, and was in consequence not only deposed but imprisoned, his office being filled by Christopher Jonson. Thomas Stempe, the Warden, a still more important functionary, was evidently less courageous. He had been appointed during Queen Mary's days, in succession to Boxall, promoted to be Secretary of State,² and was at that period more than usually zealous on the Catholic side,³ but when, with the triumph of the new religion, came the necessity of choosing between the principles he had hitherto professed and the considerable emoluments he enjoyed, he did not sacrifice the latter.⁴ There is reason, however, to believe that in spite of

I devised with the mayor and his brother, and by their assents concluded, altho the common sort be against it, that certein of the same churches might be united, without which I see nowey how to have them well served, but that they should contynue to be further noselled in supersticion and popery, lacking not of some prests in the cathedrall church to inculke the same dayly into their heddes." (*Dom. Eliz.* xxi. 7.)

In 1564 Horne reported to the Privy Council, that in the City of Winchester, which is the most noted in Hampshire either for good example or evil, all that bear authority, except one or two, were "addicte to the old supersticion and earnest fautors thereof."

Subsequently, Catholics are recorded as being publicly flogged through the streets of the city.

Of Bishop Cooper, who became Bishop in 1584, we are told by his biographer, Cassan (*Bishops of Winchester*, ii. 47):

"On Cooper's coming to the diocese of Winchester, finding it over-run with Roman Catholics, he suggested to the privy council the following admirable mode of suppressing them: 'That one hundred or two of obstinate recusants, lusty men well able to labour, might by some convenient commission be taken up, and sent to Flanders as pioneers and labourers, whereby the country would be disburdened of a company of dangerous people, and the rest that remained be put in some fear.'"

Cassan adds his own opinion that such a plan might profitably be adopted in regard of the Dissenters "that now infest almost every town and village in the kingdom, and alienate the minds of the people from their legitimate spiritual guides."

¹ "A greater proportion of the dignitaries of this Cathedral, and of the masters and fellows of the College at Oxford, made the sacrifice than of any other Cathedral or learned society in England. Ant. Wood (*Antiq. Oxon.*) counts not less than 23 fellows of New College who refused the oath." (Milner, *Hist. of Winchester*, i. 367.)

² Boxall, on the accession of Elizabeth, was committed by Archbishop Parker to the Tower.

³ Vide Fox, *Acts and Monuments* (Townshend's Edit.), vi. 733.

⁴ I am indebted to Mr. F. J. Baigent, of Winchester, for the following particulars: "Stempe was not only Warden of Winchester College, but held, by institution of Bishop White, a Prebend of Winchester Cathedral, and the Prebend of Itchen Abbas; the last he resigned for the Rectory of Over Wallop, to which he was instituted

his weakness, he was, like many others in that bewildering time, a Catholic at heart, trusting that things would again right themselves as once already they had done. It is expressly stated by Tanner,¹ that both Stempe and Jonson were secret adherents of the old religion, the information upon which this statement was based having probably been derived in the first instance from Garnet himself. We are told, moreover, that Bilson, who succeeded Stempe in 1581, was "the first Protestant Warden, and the first married one."² There is even what seems to be very strong testimony that Stempe at first actually refused the Elizabethan oath,³ for the Marquis of Winchester reported to Sir William Cecil, June 30, 1559, that the Dean and Canons of the Cathedral Church, the Warden and Fellows of the College, and the Master of St. Cross have left their services, and will enter no new services, being against their consciences.⁴

Nor was it only the College authorities who looked with disfavour upon the new worship. When Hyde was removed from the head-mastership and thrown into prison, the boys appear to have manifested in no doubtful fashion their sympathy for the cause which he represented. The following account of their conduct in these critical circumstances is furnished by Nicholas Sander:⁵

May 29, 1563, when he again took the Oath of Supremacy, and he held this Church with the Wardenship of Winchester College, his Cathedral Prebend, and a Prebend of Lincoln (to which he was collated by Bishop White, Aug. 8, 1555), till the day of his death. With these preferments in hand, he viewed religion as a secondary matter, and became very friendly with Robert Horne, and submitted to all his visitations and injunctions."

¹ *Soc. Jesu usque ad sanguinis profusionem militans*, p. 65.

² Kirby, *Annals of Winchester College*, p. 291.

³ "This friday mornynge I sent you my son St. Johns letter sent me from hampshire with other writings made by the deane and canone of the cathedrall church and from the warden and fellows of the new colege, and from the mas'ter of Saint-crosses, whereby it appereth they leve ther service and enter to no new, by cause it is against their conscience, as it appereth by ther writings, wheryn order must be taken." (*Dom. Eliz.* iv. 72.)

"The new College" here mentioned was evidently that of Winchester, to which this term was applied to distinguish it from the College dedicated to St. Elizabeth of Hungary, built by Bishop John de Pontisara, and standing very near to Wykeham's. (F.J.B.)

Machyn's *Diary* records (July 25, 1559), "The Warden of Winchester and other doctors and priests were delivered out of the Tower and Marshalsey, and other [prisons]"—whence it would appear that order had been very promptly taken with them, and had speedily proved effectual.

⁴ *Dom. Eliz.* iv. 72.

⁵ Letter to Cardinal Morone. Stevenson, *Vatican Transcripts* (Translation of original Latin).

In Winchester School, when the Headmaster was in prison, and the schismatical President called them to the schismatical sermons, they were so far from obeying, that they kept away even from the public prayers, and shut themselves up in their dormitory, and, when he found fault with their disobedience, they asked if he wished to destroy the souls of innocents. Then, when the President attempted force and called in the military commander from the nearest seaport, about twelve of the boys ran away: the rest under the influence of public fear went most unwillingly to Church.

Jonson, who succeeded Hyde, is said, as we have seen, to have been at heart a Catholic, and would seem to have been somewhat less pliable than the Warden.¹ He held his office till Bishop Horne's visitation in October, 1571, when things seem to have come to a head, demands being probably made which he refused to accept. At any rate he then resigned, and was succeeded by Thomas Bilson, the Warden's nephew.²

In his studies, young Garnet would appear to have done remarkably well, as was indeed sufficiently evidenced by his subsequent career. He rose high in the school, and is even said³ to have attained the dignity of Captain. However this may be, he was certainly one of the Prepostors, as the Prefects were then called. Of the life of the College at this period but little is known, and we have no record of any remarkable occurrence during his schooldays. If the Queen, as some suppose, paid a visit to the place in 1570, Garnet must have been one

¹ Jonson, who is described by Anthony à Wood as an excellent poet, composed in Latin verse brief notices of the Warden and Head-masters of the College from its foundation to his own time, and a more extended eulogy of the founder, Wykeham. There is nothing in these which betrays any anti-Catholic *animus*, but on the contrary, the terms in which Wykeham, in particular, is described might well have come from a Catholic pen.

² In regard of him, Mr. Baigent supplies the following information: "Horne, no doubt, wished the place to be occupied by the Warden's nephew, Thomas Bilson, a thorough-going Reformer, whom he had promoted as Deacon, March 23, 1566-7, and as Priest, October 2, 1569. He too went in for Church preferment, and to establish a family. Horne collated him to a prebend of Winchester Cathedral, Jan. 11, 1576-7, and to the Rectory of Michelmerth, May 7, 1577, which he exchanged, June 28, 1586, for King's Worthy Rectory. He had been appointed Warden of Winchester College, in succession to his uncle, March 11, 1580-1. He was also collated to Droxford Rectory, Jan. 31, 1582, by John Watson, and held these preferments until he obtained the Bishopric of Worcester, 1596, being translated thence to Winchester in May, 1597. How thoroughly he was in agreement with Horne's puritanical temper and hatred of Catholicism is sufficiently shown by the fact, that the latter appointed him one of his commissioners for the visitation of New College, Oxford (1575-6), and that he had readily taken the oath of supremacy and subscribed the Articles on Horne's visitation of New College in 1566."

³ Foley, *Records*, iv. 37.

of those whom she inspected, and have heard the question she is said to have asked a boy about the rod and its qualities, as well as the classical reply which she elicited. But the whole of this story rests upon tradition alone, supported by no documentary evidence whatever, except that according to the Bursar's books seven shillings and fourpence were spent, by order of the Vice-Warden, on refreshments for the royal minstrels,¹ which, as Milner observes,² is a slight foundation on which to build.³ With the exception of this extremely doubtful incident nothing would appear to have occurred to vary the routine of a schoolboy's experiences in Garnet's time. We are told that he was in high favour with his masters on account of his remarkable ability, and that Stempe and Jonson particularly interested themselves in so promising a pupil.⁴

It may have been through their influence that his thoughts were turned to the old Church, or it may have been the atmosphere still hanging around the place which produced the effect, but certain it is that before he completed his school-course he made up his mind to be reconciled to the Catholic Church. Instead therefore of proceeding, as for one in his position was almost a matter of course, to New College, the Wykehamist foundation at Oxford, he went, on leaving school, to fight his own battle in the outer world, although we are assured that not only his friends Stempe and Jonson,⁵ but even the Protestant Bilson,⁶ made every effort to retain him.

But already at this early stage, the controversial element intrudes itself into his history, and a very different account of this matter is given by his enemies. According to them, if Garnet failed to proceed to Oxford, it was not of his own choice, nor from any motive of religion, but only because the bad character he had earned at Winchester barred the way against him.

The authority for this version of the story is Robert Abbot,

¹ *In regardis datis tibicinibus domine Regine cum vino.*

² *History of Winchester*, p. 372.

³ Nichols, the indefatigable chronicler of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, has been unable to find any mention of a visit to Winchester except in 1560, when she did not honour the College with her presence. She seems indeed to have treated the city with marked coldness, perhaps on account of its contumacy in matters ecclesiastical.

⁴ Tanner, *ut sup.*

⁵ "... licet miris modis certarent apud se retinere Stempeus et Jonsonus, et ipsi occulte Catholici professores." (Tanner, *op. cit.* p. 65.)

⁶ Foley, *Records*, iv. 37.

Bishop of Salisbury,¹ upon whose testimony it wholly rests. Abbot indeed, appeals for confirmation to Bilson, the head-master,² but so far as we know Bilson remained silent, nor in any other quarter is any corroboration to be discovered of the strange tale of depravity related by one whose value as a witness will elsewhere be examined. According to Abbot, Garnet was guilty at Winchester not only of the grossest immorality, but of a precocious display of his aptitude for plots, probably unique in school-boy annals. The following is the story rendered as closely as possible from the Bishop's turgid Latin.³

When a somewhat bigger boy, he was one of the prepostors, as they are called, whose office it is to bring up the names of other delinquents, on which account the rest are wont to curry favour and make friends with them as much as possible. Accordingly, being of a most wicked disposition, prone to depravity, and unable to brook the hand whereby he should be chastised and corrected of his transgressions, he intrigued with certain others, and with them devised a conspiracy to assault the head-master and cut off his right hand; as though to indicate by so ill an omen what he would afterwards prove towards princes and magistrates and others set in authority over him.

Of this extraordinary and not altogether coherent story, Mr. Jardine observes⁴ that it has "certainly more of the character of a tale of malignant scandal than of a calm relation of facts," and other considerations appear fully to justify such a judgment.

Bilson, the head-master in question, Abbot further informs us, discovered the outrageous design, as well as other still worse delinquencies of which its author had been guilty; yet took no measures to remove from the school so pestilent a criminal, and waited for the end of his course, before warning him that his true character was known, and that he must not venture to proceed to Oxford. Abbot writes thus:

The head-master being informed of the nature of the man, when the school broke up at Pentecost, according to custom, and all were free to go home, thought fit to summon him, and as he had hopes that on his return he would be promoted to New College, plainly told him that he would do well to lay aside such expectations, and withdraw of

¹ Elder brother of George Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury.

² When Abbot wrote, Bilson was Bishop of Winchester.

³ *Antilega adversus Apologiam Andree Eudemon-Joannis, Jesuitae, pro Henrico Garneto, Jesuita, Foditore* (1613). *Epistola ad Lectorem*.

⁴ *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, 172.

his own accord ; that his practices were known, and would certainly be revealed to the electors unless he followed the advice offered him.¹

A powerful argument against the truth of Abbot's story is suggested from a quarter which is peculiarly interesting. In a lecture addressed to an audience of Winchester boys, on the subject of Father Garnet, the Rev. W. P. Smith, Assistant Master in the College, observes,² that not only would the crime said to have been contemplated have been utterly useless, but had such a weapon as it would have afforded lain ready to the hand of the Government, it would certainly have been used by them against Father Garnet when he came to be tried. Everything was then alleged which could in any manner induce a belief that he had taken part in the Gunpowder Plot,³ and what could have been more to the point than to show, or even to assert, that he had begun life as a plotter against lawful

¹ In the Winchester Register, opposite Garnet's name, there is a marginal note in an almost contemporary hand "*Provincialis Jesuitarum.*" At the bottom of the following page is written, in an eighteenth century hand, "For an account of Father Garnet (whose name stands towards the bottom of last page) see Fuller's *Church History*. He left Winchester in great Disgrace, and in the end was hanged for being concerned in the Powder Plot." Fuller, who was born in 1608 and published his *History* in 1655, evidently bases his account (bk. x. p. 39, Edit. Brewer) entirely upon Abbot.

² *Henry Garnet: Wykehamist—Jesuit—Traitor. (?)* Winchester: J. Wells (no date), p. 10.

³ Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney General and prosecuting counsel, even contradicted Abbot's statement, and declared that Garnet actually went to Oxford, as appears from the interesting report of his speech preserved among the Harleian MSS (360). The extract containing this passage will likewise serve to show the tone adopted towards the accused:

"For the principal person offending, here at the bar, he is, as you have heard, a man of many names, Garnet, Walley, Darcy, Roberts, Farmer, Phillips, and surely I have not commonly known or observed a true man that hath so many false appellations. He is by country an Englishman, by birth a gentleman, by education a scholar of Winchester and then of Oxford, for I never knew any priest of Cambridge arraigned; afterwards a corrector of the Common Law print with Mr. Tottel the printer, and now is to be corrected by the Law; he hath excellent endowments of nature and art, and it was thought strange that being brought up at Oxford, which is one of the eyes of this kingdom, he should prove so unnatural to his sovereign and to his own country, as to seek the incomparable overthrow and subversion of the same: a good linguist, and by profession a Jesuit and a Superior, as indeed he is superior to all his predecessors in devilish treason, a doctor of Jesuits, that is, a doctor of five DD's, namely, of dissimulation, of deposing of princes, of disposing of kingdoms, of daunting and deterring of subjects, and of destruction."

Milner likewise says (*History of Winchester*, i. 392, note) that Garnet having greatly distinguished himself at Winchester, "afterwards belonged to New College." There is no doubt that Coke and Milner are in error on this point. As Father John Gerard notes, "This Mr. Attorney did mistake, for he was never student in Oxford." (*Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, p. 229. Edit. Morris, 1871.)

authority? Yet not even in the official account of the proceedings, dishonest and unscrupulous as this is acknowledged to be, is the faintest allusion to any such matter to be discovered.¹ The present Bursar of the College likewise intimates that he considers Abbot's sensational narrative "a silly story."²

It is, however, highly probable that Garnet's departure from Winchester was accompanied by circumstances which some might hold to involve disgrace.³ In October, 1570, the uncompromising Bishop Horne, commenced a visitation of the College, his object being the complete eradication of all vestiges of the old religion. When he opened this visitation (October 25, 1570) twelve boys were found to be absent, of whom Henry Garnet was one: but the Bishop was graciously pleased to excuse their non-attendance, and they would appear to have presented themselves at a similar meeting on the 25th of August following. On the 6th of October, 1571, Horne issued the injunctions which his investigations had suggested, and which were of a drastic character. No one who had left Oxford on account of his attachment to Papistry was to be allowed any longer to resort to the College at Winchester; any scholar of the school receiving letters from his friends, or others, encouraging him to continue in Papistry, and failing to disclose the same at once to the authorities, was to be removed and expelled the College: all who received Catholic exiles from Oxford were to be prosecuted at law: for all members of the College, high and low, the house of any person suspected of Papistry was to be forbidden ground, no less than houses notorious for drunkenness or immorality, and those frequenting such houses were to incur expulsion *ipso facto*: all remains of Catholic images and church-books were to be diligently sought out and destroyed: frequent sermons were to be preached to the boys denouncing the Pope and all his works: in church the scholars were no longer to turn to the place where the high

¹ In the chapter "Life in College in the Sixteenth Century," which he contributed to the *Quingentenary Record*, published in 1893, Mr. Smith appears to give a hesitating assent to the tale. After speaking of the rehabilitation, at the instance of Lord Burghley, of an insubordinate scholar named Lyllington, under the rule of Jonson, who foretold troubles in consequence, he thus continues: "This forecast was only too surely fulfilled, if it is true that Henry Garnet the Jesuit, who was only two years Lyllington's junior, was guilty of conspiring to cut off his Head Master's right hand!" (p. 64.)

² *Annals of Winchester College*, by T. F. Kirby, p. 288.

³ I am indebted to Mr. Baigent for the particulars here given.

altar had stood, when at the end of the Psalms the *Gloria Patri* was sung.¹

It was at this juncture that Christopher Jonson retired from the head-mastership, probably as declining to hold his office under the new condition of things. At the same time, there was evidently a large exodus of boys, for between the end of September, 1570, and the close of the year 1571, no less than thirty-two new scholars are found to have been admitted, being very nearly half the school.² As Garnet's name can be traced no further in the College records, it is probable that he was one of those whom Horne's legislation drove away.

Having quitted school, and cut himself off from the prospects of Church preferment which his opening career seemed to ensure, Garnet set himself to earn his own bread in London. The fact that he did not return to his parents appears to indicate that by the course he had adopted he incurred their displeasure, but, if this were so, the break with his family was so far from lasting, that several of its members followed him into the Church. Of his father, indeed, we hear nothing more, but, as we shall hear from himself,³ his mother became a Catholic; two of his sisters, Margaret and Eleanor, became not only Catholics, but nuns,⁴ and a third sister, Anne, appears likewise to have been converted.⁵ Moreover, his brother Richard became a Catholic at Oxford, and was the father of Thomas Garnet, like his uncle a Jesuit and a sufferer for his faith; and Father Henry speaks of two uncles, one of whom had actually become a Catholic, and the other was about to do so, although grave difficulties stood in his way.⁶ From all this it may fairly be inferred that he had not lost caste with his relatives, as assuredly he would have done if his history had been such as Abbot represents, for undoubtedly his influence must have had much to do with the course which so many of them adopted.

Coming to the metropolis, Garnet obtained employment from Tottel, the celebrated law-printer, as a corrector of the

¹ This was apparently considered an important point, for in the corresponding injunction for New College, Oxford, we read: "Neque socii, scholares, aut ministri chori, se convertant in Divinis, more Papistico, ad Orientem cum cantatur *Gloria Patri*."

² Wykeham's foundation was for a warden, seventy scholars, ten fellows, three chaplains, and three lay clerks.

³ Letter to his sister Margaret, October 1, 1593.

⁴ They were professed in St. Monica's Convent, Louvain, in 1595 and 1597 respectively. (Foley, *Records*, iv. 134.)

⁵ Letter of November 17, 1595, to his sisters at Louvain.

⁶ *Ibid.*

press, a responsible office for a lad fresh from school, who must have been able to give satisfactory proof of his scholarship in order to obtain it. During the period spent in this employment, he made the acquaintance of a rising young barrister, John Popham, with whom he frequently dined, seemingly at Tottel's table.¹ At a later period, Popham, as Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was to pronounce upon him sentence of death.

It was not long, however, before Garnet resolved to abandon all worldly pursuits and devote himself wholly to the service of religion. Leaving England accordingly, in company with Giles Gallop, a brother Wykehamist,² he made his way first to Spain and then to Rome, where he was admitted into the Society of Jesus, September 11, 1575, and made his noviceship under the celebrated Father Fabius de Fabiis.

On the completion of this period of probation, he followed the course of higher studies in the Roman College, under such masters as Bellarmine, Suarez, Clavius, and Pereira. His success in various branches of learning, sufficiently diverse, appears to have been remarkable, while at the same time he endeared himself to his teachers and companions alike, as is shown by the affection which, whenever an opportunity offered, they expressed for him in after-years. Cardinal Bellarmine, in particular, spoke of him in terms of extraordinary eulogy, declaring that, having lived with him for many years, he profoundly appreciated alike the probity and uprightness, and the high intellectual accomplishments,³ of a man who deserved to be styled incomparable for virtue and learning.⁴ Even more than by such testimony, Garnet's proficiency is attested by the fact that he was chosen to lecture in Hebrew, Metaphysics, and finally Mathematics,⁵ in which last office he acquitted himself so well, that Clavius, whose name is so closely connected with the reformation of the Calendar, thinking that his own health

¹ Letter to Anne Vaux, March 2, 1605-6.

² Gallop entered Winchester in 1563, and was a Fellow of New College, 1566-9. (Kirby's *Winchester Scholars*.) He, too, entered the Society, dying in 1579. Father Morris says (*Troubles*, ii. 9) that his name was Wallop, and that Gallop was the "Latinized" form. In the Winchester Register he appears as Gallop. Oliver calls him Gollop. (*Collectanea*.) Edmund Harward, or Harwood, who was elected a scholar of Winchester along with Garnet, likewise became a Jesuit (1578), and died at Rome (1597).

³ *Apologia pro Responsione* (1610), p. 244.

⁴ *Resp. Matthæi Tosti* (1608), p. 79.

⁵ Tanner, *ut sup.*

was breaking, wished this promising disciple to be appointed as his successor. His instances so far prevailed that Garnet was detained for two years from the English Mission, to be sent upon which was his earnest desire.

Contrary to his own anticipations, Clavius sufficiently recovered his health to resume his office of teaching, and Garnet being thus freed from the impediment which had hindered the fulfilment of his wishes, renewed his entreaties to be allowed to devote himself to the service of the Church amongst his own countrymen. It was not without difficulty that he prevailed, as those who understood his abilities made strong representations that he should be devoted to intellectual work, for which he was so remarkably apt, while the whole body of his religious brethren considered his mild and gentle character altogether unsuited for the stormy and perilous ministry upon which he proposed to enter. The General of the Society himself, Father Claudius Aquaviva, although he yielded to the solicitations of the zealous volunteer, expressed the regret with which he despatched so gentle a lamb to so cruel and so certain a butchery. On the other hand, Father Robert Parsons, who acted as general director of the Jesuits' English Mission, and who appears to have discerned the full extent of Garnet's qualities, strenuously urged his employment in that field.¹

On the 8th of May, 1586, accordingly, Garnet set out in company with Father Robert Southwell, the poet, destined for the same work. Making their way across Europe, they took ship at Calais on the evening of the 16th of July, and arriving at Dover or Folkstone the next morning, discovered to their surprise that they had gained ten days on the passage, for in England it was but the 7th of the month.² In this the travellers discovered a happy augury, for on the 7th of July was commemorated the Translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and it was in Kent, the county most especially connected with his

¹ Tanner, *ut sup.*

² Bartoli, *Inghilterra* (Edit. 1667), p. 101. The difference of date was due, of course, to the diversity of style, France, like the other Catholic States of Europe, having adopted that introduced four years previously by Pope Gregory XIII., when, to remedy the errors which had gradually accumulated under the Julian system, ten days had been omitted from the year of reformation, viz., at Rome, October 5—14, and in France, December 10—19, 1582. In England the change was postponed till the year 1752, by which time the error had increased to eleven days, which were cancelled in the September of that year, in which month the 2nd was immediately followed by the 14th.

life and death, that they first set foot.¹ They rejoiced accordingly to enter under his patronage upon the course of labour and suffering which lay before them, on behalf of the Church for which he died, it being well-nigh certain that they in their turn would one day seal their testimony with their blood. Such anticipations were not falsified by the event, for each of the new-comers subsequently gave his life for the cause to which he had devoted it.

The Jesuit Mission in England had been inaugurated, six years previously, by Fathers Parsons and Campion, and in spite of the fierce persecution directed against it had never wholly lost its footing in the land. Indeed, to judge from the official language of the time,² or from that of modern historians, we should be led to suppose that Jesuits swarmed over the land. As a matter of fact, Garnet and Southwell, on their arrival, found but four in England, of whom three were in prison, two having never been at liberty since they became Jesuits.³ The one Jesuit at large was Father William Weston (frequently known as Edmunds or Edmondes), who held the office of Superior, though prior to the advent of this reinforcement he had no subjects of whom he could dispose.

Having made their way to the capital, Garnet and Southwell lost no time in putting themselves in communication with their Chief, who in his Autobiography thus recounts the circumstances of their meeting:⁴

¹ Bartoli, *ut sup.*

² On January 10, 1580-1, a proclamation was issued against the retaining of Jesuits. On the same day Parliament met, after an interval of almost six years, the principal matter, except Supply, which it treated being introduced by Sir Ralph Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a speech against Papal encroachments (Jan. 25) in which he said: "You see how lately he [the Pope] hath sent hither a sort of hypocrites, naming themselves Jesuits, a rabble of vagrant friars newly sprung up, and running through the world to trouble the Church of God." On the 10th of April, 1581-2, a proclamation denounced all Jesuits as traitors. Parliament, meeting again, Nov. 23, 1584, proceeded at once to pass a severe Act "Against Jesuits, Seminary Priests, and other disobedient persons."

³ These were Father Thomas Metham and Mr. Thomas Pound, both admitted to the Society in prison, in which the latter (who had been a Winchester boy) spent thirty years. The third prisoner was Brother Ralph Emerson, who had been Father Campion's companion, and afterwards Father Weston's.

Since 1580, two Jesuits, besides Campion, had died on the scaffold, Thomas Cottam and Alexander Briant, but the latter was only received into the Society in prison on the eve of his execution. Five others who for a time laboured in England had been banished or had withdrawn to the Continent, viz., Fathers Parsons, Haywood, Holt, Bosgrave, and Hart, the last-named having been admitted in prison.

⁴ Father Weston's Autobiography, written in Latin, is amongst the Stonyhurst MSS., both in the original and in a transcript made by Father John Laurenson.

After the lapse of some days, news was brought me that two of our Fathers had arrived in London. The tidings pleased me greatly; and although those times of persecution were most terrible, during which many were delivered up to death, houses were laid waste, and Catholics were filling the prisons in every quarter of the kingdom, still it was no small consolation to me to find faithful and brave sharers of my perils in the midst of so many adversities. So I prevented all delay and hastened to the inn to pay them a visit. They were Father Henry Garnet and Father Robert Southwell. We saluted and embraced one another, and in that same place we dined together. On the following day (as there was no safe place in London, neither inns nor private houses), we left the city and travelled nearly ten leagues to the house of a Catholic gentleman, an intimate friend of mine. To him our appearance was a pleasure so great and welcome (as the event proved) that it was not possible for us to wish for or dream of any reception more loving and devout.¹

The gentleman in question Father Morris identifies as Mr. Bold, of Berkshire, who seems, amongst other accomplishments, to have been unusually proficient in music.

The Government were not wholly unaware of this accession to the Jesuit forces, although their information does not appear to have been very accurate. Within the month, but upon what precise day does not appear, an informer reported to Walsingham² that two Jesuits had landed in Suffolk or Norfolk, one being Southwell, "son to Mr. Southwell of Norfolk," "the other Allen, son to the widow Hone, whose last husband was judge to one of the sheriffs' courts in London." It may be that Garnet travelled under the *alias* of Allen, but it is clear that the authorities were much at fault in his regard.

Further information as to their first days in England, and the state of things they found there, is furnished by Father Garnet's companion in a letter addressed by him to the General of the Society, but, like so many similar documents, intercepted on its way. Father Southwell writes (July 25, 1586):³

The original is incomplete, and what remains is in very poor preservation. Father Laurenson unfortunately corrected the Latinity according to his own taste, but apparently without any change of sense. In his *Life of Father Weston (Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, Second Series)*, the late Father Morris embodied copious extracts, in an English version.

¹ *Troubles*, ii. p. 138.

² *Dom. Elizabeth*, xcxi. 35.

³ This letter, which is in Latin, and signed "Robertus," is printed in full by Strype (*Annals*, App. ii. No. 12), who, however, supposes it to be written by Parsons, and addressed to "Cardinal Allen" (who was not yet Cardinal). Parsons, who left England in 1581, never to return, was at this time in Rome; and the letter

We have made a very happy journey to England, where we encountered great fury amongst the enemies of the truth, but no less favour amongst the Catholics. There went abroad a report of our coming, and that from the mouth of some of the Queen's Council—my name was known to some of them. . . . Coming to London, I had discourse with certain Catholics under guard, and some in prison. After a day or two, we met him to whom you directed us, finding him safe, and overjoyed at our arrival. We had some short discourse together, but postponed matters of greater moment till a more favourable occasion. Finding this shortly after, having first duly made our confessions, we renewed our vows,¹ with little ceremony, but much consolation. Had things gone well, we should that same day, the feast of St. Mary Magdalene [July 22], have sung solemn Mass to the accompaniment of various instrumental music; but it was deferred to the morrow, and I, being summoned elsewhere, could not celebrate. We conferred, however, regarding our faculties and other principal matters. Our arrival in the island hath in a wonderful manner refreshed and cheered the Catholics, who had before complained they were forsaken by the Society, and feared lest the shepherds, discouraged by difficulties, would abandon their flock which had never more need of them. Not a few priests, within these last months, have been taken up; but not so inhumanly dealt with as before, nor so straitly kept; and some redeemed with money, or delivered out of prison, and dismissed without any condition. But the catchpoles narrowly, with prying eyes, walk about the city; and whom they take, spoil of their money, horses, and everything else they can meet withal. Some Catholics have died in Newgate by the stench of that prison, and others are miserably tormented with the stinking smells of the place. . . . It is a matter of great sorrow that there are many counties here full of faithful people, in which not a single priest resides, though eagerly desired, and unless some succour be

is addressed "*Admodum rdo p̄ri nro*," the ordinary style employed by a Jesuit towards the General of the Society. Moreover, an abstract (not an extract, as it is erroneously described) among the State Papers (*Dom. Elis.* cxc. 29) states that it was "written by Father Robert to the Principal of the Society of the Jesuits." "Father Robert" was a frequent appellation of Southwell (as Garnet constantly styled himself "Henry") but the Calendarer has indexed this abstract under "Robert, F.," as though F. stood for a Christian name.

Strype has likewise printed an abstract (*Annals*, iii. part i. p. 600. Edit. 1824) the language of which has been used, when possible, in the version given above.

¹ We shall meet with frequent mention of this renovation of vows. According to the Constitutions of the Society, the vows taken at the conclusion of the two years' novitiate are styled "simple," and although absolutely binding upon him who takes them, do not, like the "solemn" vows taken subsequently, bind the Order to him. During the interval, which frequently extends over fifteen years or more, the vows are to be renewed twice a year, not as though this were required for their validity, but as an expression of devotion and loyalty. Father Garnet, as we shall see, did not make his solemn profession till 1598; Southwell, who entered the Society in 1578, and was executed in 1595, never took the solemn vows.

speedily sent, the Catholic cause will be in sore straits. . . . I give myself to preaching, hearing confessions, and other works proper to the Society, compassed with daily dangers, and never for a moment in security, but my very difficulties are a source of courage, for alarms jostle one another so thick and fast, that none can last long, and hence all are little thought of. My one endeavour is that the enemy find me not unprepared; the rest I leave to God.

Such was the state of the land in which Father Garnet was sent to labour, and he too, like Southwell, was quickly despatched to a district which was to be specially committed to his care, but we have no information as to its position. There he set himself to work in the ordinary manner of a priest in the days of persecution, in circumstances which make it hard to understand how such work can ever have been carried on at all. In the following year, however, Father Weston himself was apprehended, and commenced the long captivity from which he was to be released seventeen years afterwards, a blind and broken man. According to the instructions which he had brought with him, of which we shall see more, Garnet was to become Superior of the mission, in the event of anything happening to Weston, and he accordingly assumed the office which he was to exercise with marked ability during the remaining eighteen years of his life, exercising authority over Weston himself as one of his subjects.¹

J. G.

¹ It should here be observed that he was not in the proper sense of the word a "Provincial," though commonly so styled both by contemporary and subsequent writers. England was not erected into a Province of the Society till 1623, nor even into a Vice-province, till 1619. Father Garnet was simply Superior of a mission—Father Parsons as "Prefect" instructing him from Rome.

Some Difficulties of Socialism.

THERE is something wrong in the present relations of rich and poor. A man must be an optimist indeed not to allow that. The remedy for the wrong is partly a religious and partly an economical remedy. The economical remedies proposed go out in two directions, in the direction of Individualism and in the direction of Socialism. Individualism allows the unrestricted accumulation and administration of private capital. Socialism vests all capital in the hands of the State, that is, of the People collectively. It is likely that the true economic remedy lies somewhere between, in some temperate zone between what we may call the torrid zone of Socialism and the frigid zone of Individualism. The three zones pass insensibly one into the other; and the exact position of the remedy within the bounds of the temperate zone, whether nearer Socialism or nearer Individualism, has never been determined, nor is likely to be determined without much greater expenditure of time and thought and experience than has ever yet been laid out upon it. What we seem to want is a thorough theoretical exploration of the possibilities and probable outcomes of Individualism on the one hand and of Socialism on the other. Thus we may hope some day to discern, what no mortal has hitherto discerned, the needful compromise between the two.

Our actual experience hitherto has all been of Individualism, which existed almost in its pure form in England some fifty years ago. The tendency of all modern progress is away from Individualism. Still, we are a long way from the opposite zone of Socialism, and shall probably never reach it. One curious feature of Individualism, growing daily more prominent, is the tendency to undo itself and pass away into combinations, which are grievous restrictions on individual liberty. The individual uses his freedom to enter into voluntary associations. Once associated, he is less free; and the association is a bar to the free action of other men, even of those who are not its

members. We see this in the working of Trades Unions. Individualism begets combinations of workmen against employers, and of employers against workmen. It would seem as though the principle of *laissez faire* cannot work in a highly complex state of society.

Individualism certainly has its difficulties, difficulties forced on the notice of us all by painful experience. The difficulties of Socialism are unfelt, because the thing has never been tried; and very inadequately thought out, on account of the difficulty of imagining arrangements so far removed from all actual experience. Here are proposed some difficulties of Socialism, to help us to make up our minds how far society may yet hold on its movement in that direction, and how far short of the torrid zone we may find it prudent to stop.

Take one of the great railway companies that carry us and our fortunes, great or small, from London northwards, and consider how the concern would work, were England a Socialist State. In the first place, the company of shareholders would be dissolved: the profits, if there were any, would all be swept into the State exchequer. *If there were any*, for the said profits (so it seems at first sight) would be much reduced; first, by the loss of all profits on the goods traffic, for all the goods carried would be State property. You cannot imagine any passenger wishing to include among his personal luggage a ton of coals. The coals, the iron, lime, wood, cattle, meat, milk, grain, all would be State capital moved about on the public service; and as such, would go free. Also a large number of the passengers would be State officials, travelling in their official capacity, with free passes. No profit upon them either. No receipts from the goods, no receipts from a large moiety of the passengers. The only thing the company carried that would bring them in any money, would be passengers travelling for amusement—in fact, the “trippers.” The money taken from them would be devoted, first, to defraying the working expenses in the way of rolling stock, machinery, &c., then to the payment of wages to the railway hands and the railway heads, under which latter term we include such persons as station-masters, inspectors, and directors. But what was over from the working expenses could not all be paid away as wages: the directors would hold back a certain amount for the opening of new lines, the purchase of superior locomotives, and other means of extending the common enterprise.

It might seem that the State should provide for all these things, so that there should be no need for the railway directors to capitalise anything, but all the money over, after immediate cost of machinery and roadway was paid, should be turned by the directors straight into their own pockets, and the pockets of the men who worked under their guidance. A moment's consideration will dispel this illusion. Where is the State to get its money from? Where but from the pockets of the People? Any increase of the national capital in any direction is only possible by not paying the money away in wages to the People.

Here is a serious difficulty for Socialists. Are they prepared for such an arrangement as has been sketched, so that the railway men should have their private property in the railway, the shoemakers in the boots and shoes, the bakers and millers in the bread, the iron-workers in the iron, and so forth? Gronlund, in his *Social Commonwealth*, suggests the establishment of guilds of the several trades. Let each guild of workers have its guild property in the materials upon which it works, and the profits thence resulting. The arrangement is conceivable; but it is a large departure from Socialism, pure and simple. The State in this position is no longer one sole capitalist: there are as many capitalists as there are guilds. The guild is the capitalist, not the State. The Socialist State on these lines would bear some analogy to a religious Order. It is usual for each religious house to be financially independent of other houses, even of the same Order; so that one house may be better off than another. The independence is not quite absolute, inasmuch as there is a controlling central authority; also a common style of living is kept up, so much as may be, in all the houses. So in the Socialist State there would be rich guilds and poor guilds, but the State would insist on the payment of equally good wages in every guild, according to the grade and rank of the wage-earner in each.

It appears now that we have under-estimated the profits of the railway guild in this system. Of course the railway would not carry the goods of other guilds free of charge, nor their persons either. The usual profits of goods and passenger traffic would thus be restored. But only by a figure of speech could that be called any longer a State railway. It would be a veritable private company, consisting of the directors and their men. Its receipts would be turned into three channels, working

expenses, wages (including salaries), and capital stored for future enterprise. Only the channel of dividends would be dried up. The workers would be the shareholders. And the same of the other guilds.

In a country the size of England it would be impossible to make all the railways into one guild, or all the boot and shoe industries, or all the bakeries, or the whole of any industry whatever. There would be local guilds of the same trade, each with its own capital. In fact, the capital of the country would be divided between a number of co-operative societies. We are drifting further and further from the ideal of Socialism pure and simple. Still the individual capitalist is not allowed to carry on his private gains; no rent is paid, and no interest, except to guilds, companies, and syndicates.

Socialism starts with the assumption that Individualism is unfavourable to the individual generally, and favourable only to the lucky or the gifted few. Socialism is a combination on behalf of the ungifted and unfortunate majority. But coming to what seems the only practical form of Socialism—the other, the unlimited form, we may discuss afterwards—coming I say to the distribution of all capital among a host of co-operative societies, we are not without alarm for the welfare of the individual, and of many individuals. There is grave fear of the weak and incapable getting trodden down in this model co-operative commonwealth very much as they are trodden down now. Not all the members of any society will be equally competent. In a religious Order, competent and incompetent members are equally supplied with necessities and comforts; rather, the incompetent receive more on account of their infirmity. It would be a very pretty sight to see a Socialist guild conducted on the same footing of brotherly equality. Socialists sometimes tell us that so their community will be conducted. I fear, that is a mere paper prophecy. It is not an easy thing to train men to live together in a religious brotherhood, where higher capacity and higher employment means more trouble, but not more wages. A special vocation is necessary for that, and a novitiate, and continual meditation on the goods of the unseen world; but Socialists have their eyes all on the goods of this world. They will certainly find it necessary to pay better wages to the more skilful workman and to the manager, to those in fact whose labour is more important. It is a patent fact, to be dinned into Socialist ears, that in any human pro-

duction, from a house to an epic poem, it is the guiding minds and the deft fingers that secure brilliancy and success. Such minds and such fingers are necessarily rare, as compared with brute strength. However necessary that be—and it is of course indispensable—it is a much cheaper and commoner commodity. In a religious Order, the more capable members ask for no better treatment than the rest. That comes of religious virtue; now, to speak commercially, religious virtue is a commodity most costly to manufacture, and most difficult to maintain. Any Benedictine or Franciscan, Friar Preacher or Jesuit, knows that, as he knows his own infirmity, and the continual difficulty which he experiences in keeping himself up to the spirit of his Institute. This costly commodity of virtue will certainly not abound in the Socialist commonwealth. In default of it, the abler members of the guilds must be incited to put forth their best energies by receiving higher wages for better work. There is no other way; for if those minds grow slack, and those fingers grow careless, the whole commercial enterprise is bound to come to the ground.

These better paid and richer workers will rent from the State the better houses, dine at the better hotels, wear better clothes, and altogether appear very much as rich people do now. The mentally, morally, and physically incompetent will gravitate to the lowest places in the guild. Every guild will show a disposition to turn its incompetent or ill-behaved members adrift, unless those members come to be so numerous as to outvote the rest, and then there will be strife and ruin in the guild. Discontented members will continually be seceding and wanting to start a rival guild of their own. Neither the starting of a new guild, nor secession from the old, can be left to individual caprice; some sort of public consent must be insisted upon for both steps. Individual freedom, it appears, will be considerably restricted; and there will not be equality between all individuals. It is not in the nature of things, in an ordinary community of mankind, that manager and managed, out of office hours, should sit down cheek by jowl, and be hail-fellow-well-met, one to another. Managers must form an upper class. There is nothing that ordinary men dislike more than to be managed by persons whom they consider their social equals. This feeling finds vent in the army in the prejudice which common soldiers entertain against an officer who has risen from the ranks, and their saying: "We like to be led

by gentlemen." A leader who is not a "gentleman" is apt to be a jack-in-office. Socialists will have to allow their managers to be gentlemen, a requirement which they have hardly yet contemplated.

The men with higher wages will not be content to spend all they have on personal luxury and enjoyment. The love of enterprise will beget the desire to capitalise. To do this on their own private account they could never be allowed: for capital in private hands is the bane and supreme abhorrence of Socialism. But the State and the guilds will be always requiring capital. The wealthy workers then offer their money to the State, or to some guild. Needless to say, this is not a gratuitous kindness. They henceforth expect dividends, over and above their wages. The Socialists financiers who pay them probably will not call them by that name, but dividends they will be for all that. The State, or the guild, harassed by louder and louder demands of its constituents for higher wages, is only too glad to increase its capital on these terms. This new wealth grows and becomes hereditary in certain families. The scions of these families come to think more of dividends than of work and wages; by degrees they become able to live on the former source of income alone. That done, they are private capitalists, living on public securities; no longer members of the Socialist commonwealth, but "exploiting the workman," in Socialist phrase, just as is done now. Of the private capitalist we may say what Horace says of nature, *Expellas furca, tamen usque redibit*—"You may turn him out with a fork, he is always sure to come back again."

Now to consider the still greater difficulty of allowing the guilds no private capital, but making them pay all their receipts into one central fund.

I am anxious to do my best for Socialism, not indeed to realise it in practice, but to state it as a theory as perfectly and plausibly as possible. Whatever we study, we should study the most perfect specimen: otherwise we are not fair critics of that type of thing. We have contemplated a Socialist commonwealth consisting of guilds, each with its own property, though all subordinate to the central control of the State; guild dealing with guild, and, so far as the State will allow, making their profit one of another. We will now suppose all the capital pooled together in one central fund, and no distinction allowed

between the capital of this guild and of that. This central fund might be conceived on the grandest scale, one for the entire country, and that country as large and as populous as England. This is an overpowering conception. It deserves to be treated of in an epic poem. It is too exalted a theme for economic study, at least for prosaic natures like ourselves. It is rather within our reach to imagine the municipality or commune to be the capitalistic unit: I mean that the Wolverhamptonians should own all the capital in Wolverhampton, the Staveley folk all in Staveley, and so of Starbeck, Starcross, Stathern, Staward, &c., as per Bradshaw's Index. This, however, is too crude a conception. Wolverhampton alone is equal to many Starbecks and Statherns. We cannot take the huge municipalities that now are, and match them with villages. We must divide England into a number of communes, more or less equally populous and wealthy: the people within each commune to be collectively the owners of all the capital therein contained, with some exceptions. These exceptions are in favour of imperial capital. As we have now local rates and imperial taxation, so there must be then imperial capital and communal capital. The great railways, for instance, and the sea-going ships, and the post-office and telegraphs, and whatever is of universal rather than of local importance, must belong to imperial capital, and must be owned by the communes collectively as communes, not by the individuals in them collectively as individuals. Commercial transactions will thus be: (*a*) of the commune with its members, paying them wages and selling its goods to them: (*b*) of the commune with other communes, with whom it will have all the relations of modern commerce: (*c*) of the commune with the empire.

What has been said already of the guild system, about the necessity of payment of unequal wages, and the probability of that inequality ending in the return of the private capitalist, has its application also to this communal system, and need not be repeated here. Features of the present scheme will be the vastness of the accounts to be kept, the ability requisite in the managing directors, and honesty too; the alarming possibilities of jobbery; the likelihood of men of real worth and ability being bullied out of the post of director by popular intrigue, and retiring in disgust, leaving the management of affairs continually to worse and worse men, till government gives place to anarchy, and finance to insolvency: then the capable men will break

away, and either form a commune for themselves, or revert to the institution of private capital.

The communal legislature will consist of all the adults of the commune, male and perhaps female. Considerable vigilance will be requisite to keep the list of voters correct. Men will be apt to move about from commune to commune, and will vote everywhere, where they are allowed, now that voting means an exercise of the rights of ownership. The communal system must endeavour to check the migratory habits and gipsy-like life, which the facilities of modern travel and the detachment of modern populations from the land in which they live are bringing more and more into vogue. Perhaps this tendency is one that should be checked in any sound scheme for the reformation of society.

The best wisdom of the communal legislature will be to interfere as little as possible with the distribution of the communal capital: to let that capital run in its own channels under the guidance of the managers of the several departments. These managers must be allowed to incur additional expenses up to a certain figure without asking any one's leave: their judgment must not be continually checked and thwarted by the central authority. The commune, like any other government, must choose its chiefs and trust them. It won't do to have the Sovereign People always voting, the Collective Proprietor ever meddling with his estate.

It would really seem to be the goal of Socialism in the end not so much to make men rich as to keep them poor. Millionaires are the nuisance that it would clear away rather than slums. It would enforce economy in the West End of London rather than render it superfluous in the East. It would put down the mighty ones from their seats more than it would exalt the humble. It means general plain living, not universal luxury. It would be well if Socialist orators, Socialist novelists, and Socialist poets, recognised this fact. If I were a Socialist, I should make a motto of Leo XIII's phrase, "frugal comfort."

Rent and taxes would not be unheard of in the Socialist commune, rent to the commune itself, and taxes to the imperial exchequer. It is easy to insist that every man should have his house "free." It is equally easy to point out in reply that nothing is free, except the air we breathe; and we often pay money to reach a commodity of good air. Everything else that

is called "free," is paid for out of the rates : that is, out of the pockets of the holders of property. In a State where all property is either communal capital or wages, the workers will have to choose from which of the two sources the expense of their "free" habitation shall be paid. Doubtless they will throw it upon the communal capital ; and the commune will deduct this expense from their wages. Anyhow it is clear that only habitations of the common sort can be allotted rent free. If a man wishes to live in a palace, or in a "mansion," he must pay the commune to such extent as his palatial or mansional abode surpasses that allotted to "the man in the street." The balance against him will be deducted from his wages, or he must work over-time, or do better, more skilled and more valuable labour than the labour of the said ordinary citizen. And thus rent will be paid. As for taxes, either the empire will own property enough to be self-supporting, and this property will be withdrawn from the communes ; or the empire will tax the communes, and they will dock the amount off from the wages of the workmen ; or the empire will, as now, levy taxes, direct and indirect, upon the workmen. We are not quite sure of a free pipe, or a free breakfast-table, even on the advent of Socialism.

An outdoor study of Socialism may be made by reflecting, as one passes along the streets, how this or that business would be conducted in a Socialist commune. Everything you see is devised to supply some public need. Of our needs some are imperative and inexorable, as of food and clothing ; other are the needs of our humour and caprice. And even of things like food and clothing, the substance is all that nature imperatively demands ; the mode and style is determined by fashion ; and fashion is the most capricious thing in the world. Fashion guides production ; not altogether so, however ; it is itself largely guided by production. An ingenious inventor, a private capitalist, produces an article which for the nonce wins public favour and becomes fashionable. The Socialist government would do ill to check these private enterprises. They should reward successful inventors with honours and with extra pay. One form that the reward would readily take would be popularity, bearing fruit in votes in the next election to a lucrative government post. By the way, it would be a nice point to determine, what officials should be elected by the people, who by the subordinates whom they will have to direct,

and who are to be nominated by the higher officials whose subordinates they are to be.

The government will be concerned to see that articles of necessity are produced in sufficient quantity for the whole population, so that no growing boys and girls may go about underfed, no aged women with insufficient wraps and mantles, and the like. The manufacture of necessities will always and everywhere have precedence over the manufacture of luxuries; indeed the production of these latter may depend a good deal upon workmen choosing to work overtime for extra wages. Thus a cabinet-maker, having done his day's work in wood, may spend his evening on manuscript; and carry his book, when written, to the government booksellers, who will use their judgment in accepting it.

Altogether this Socialism is not so impossible but that, with a high measure of virtue, it might be worked. *Homespun* I think is the word which best expresses the mien and garb in which the Socialist community would present itself to the observer. There would be none of the garishness of our big cities; little of the display and pomp of wealth; and, we may hope, the repulsive aspects of poverty would also be removed. But the Socialist State would be no place to luxuriate in; no vision of the Arabian Nights, such as Socialist orators commonly conjure up; it would be a home of hard virtue, general frugality, stern integrity, self-sacrifice and public spirit. Where is all this virtue to come from? There is nothing in Socialism to produce it, and without it Socialism is unworkable. The actual outcome I fear, would be, "a drying up of the sources of wealth; and an equality which would amount to a general dead level of misery and indiscriminate meanness."¹

There are two evils that seem to be what logicians call "inseparable accidents" of Socialism. They are not essential to it: I could conceive a scheme of Socialism into which they did not enter: but I have never seen any scheme propounded which did not drag these evils in its train. The first evil is Violence, the second Irreligion. There are many Socialists, it is true, who disclaim all violence, and would bring about the end that they desire by guiding the votes of the people in parliamentary elections. But there are none who do not fan the discontent of the people, telling them that the private capitalist is a robber, and that rich people are rich upon wealth

¹ Leo XIII. Encyclical of May, 1891.

stolen from the labouring poor. The people hear what they say, and do in part believe it: but once let them believe it altogether, and parliamentary courses will be all too slow for the torrent of their indignation. The leaders who counsel patience and legal redress will be pushed aside, as were the Girondists in the first French Revolution. The men who will lead will be the men of blood and action, of explosives and anarchy. The Socialist programme is far in advance of that of Danton and Robespierre. There will be a desperate resistance on the part of the capitalist classes; and between its defenders and its assailants the capital for which they fight will be for the time destroyed, and civilisation must begin anew. Such at least would be the history of any Socialist movement on a large scale.

We hear of "Christian Socialism." Likewise of "painless dentistry." But one of the two elements is found wanting in the alleged compound, either the Socialism or the Christianity. Either there is no abolition of private capital (and no system which stops short of a total abolition of that should be called Socialism); or a prospect is held out of an earthly paradise, which man is to create for himself by the nationalisation of all capital, to the entire ignoring of God and the happiness of the life to come. Such ignoring would be a renunciation of Christianity, and of anything that deserves to be called religion. Why Socialists are so persistently irreligious, I have often wondered: but there is no doubt of the fact. While scouting religion, they of all men make the heaviest demands on human virtue, and postulate an heroic unselfishness. This is a most curious inconsistency: it being only religion that ever makes the ordinary man unselfish.

Chiefly, perhaps, on account of these two inseparable accidents of Socialism—its tacit appeal to violence, and its substitution of a paradise upon earth for the Kingdom of Heaven—Leo XIII. has denounced what he calls "the pest of Socialism," and again, "the fatal plant of Socialism."¹ A Catholic may well be disgusted at the present economical condition of the world, and long to see brought about vast changes in our social system. But it is neither loyalty nor wisdom for any Catholic to write himself down a Socialist.

¹ Encyclical of December 28, 1878.

“*The Protestant Woman.*”

IN my chapters on *Protestant Fiction*, originally published in THE MONTH, I made one or two quotations from *The Protestant Woman*. The claims of other publications, and want of space, prevented me from doing anything like justice to that entertaining print, but the samples I gave whetted curiosity, and I have been more than once urged to say more about it.

The Protestant Woman is the organ of the Women's Protestant Union, which was formed a few years back “under a deep sense of the peril to which our country is exposed from the ever-increasing encroachments of Romanism and Ritualism;” and it was “felt that a much more determined and systematic effort must be made than has yet been attempted to stem the torrent of false teaching.”

The Women's Protestant Union also claims to have discovered in what consists “the attraction of Rome.” This lies not in its elaborate services, its gorgeous ceremonies, its sensuous delights, its histrionic performances, all of which have been supposed to act as decoys to the silly geese who stray into the Roman pasture: no—

the attraction of Rome, and of all doctrines that tend towards Rome, lies mainly in the promises made to lighten personal responsibility. Anything that will take the responsibility off the individual, and lay it on “the Church,” is readily welcomed by those who will not exert themselves to look the demands of God in the face, but are nevertheless willing to comply with the heaviest demands of ecclesiastical authority.

From this it will at once be clear how fitted the Women's Protestant Union is to cope with the situation.

Of this Union, and its ramifications, Mrs. W. R. Arbuthnot, of Plaw Hatch, East Grinstead, is the President. No one who has ever been at meetings where Mrs. Arbuthnot presided or spoke can fail to have been struck with her earnestness and sincerity, and the marked contrast between her and the exceedingly curious persons by whom she is surrounded. Nothing is sadder than to see women of education and position devoting their time,

talents, and money, to the support of the various persons who trade upon the prejudices of a certain section of the community, and make a good living out of the proceeds. Catholics find it difficult to believe that such women can be honest in their convictions, or can be dupes of the paid official or the itinerant lecturer of the Protestant faction. It is indeed not easy to understand, and I feel that, after my extracts from *The Protestant Woman* have been read, the difficulty will increase; so I am anxious to record at the outset my entire conviction of Mrs. Arbuthnot's honesty and simplicity. The latter quality, at any rate, is manifest enough. Meanwhile, "gather we roses while we may," for Mrs. Arbuthnot (who, it should be said, is the editor) tells us in the December number that "we are unable to meet our liabilities for printing *The Protestant Woman* during the last seven months." Like the Jubjub, the Protestant woman "collects, but does not subscribe;" and the poor editor is "weary of pointing out the shortcomings of those who have become members, receive the magazines, and yet leave their subscriptions unpaid." This is the more sad because there is no doubt that *The Protestant Woman* gives good value for money; there is nothing to which I am more willing to subscribe my monthly penny.

The contents of *The Protestant Woman* vary "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." There are Bible readings, with comments of appalling aridity; there are stories (in two senses of the word); there are serious papers by at least one Arch-deacon—all these may be glanced at and passed by. But there are editorial notes, there is a "Monthly Chat," and above all, there are the "Gleanings from Members." "If opinions are of any value," says Mrs. Arbuthnot, "that section which we style 'Gleanings from Members,' is as popular as any." I am glad to add my humble testimony to these opinions; I always turn to the "Gleanings" first, and am never disappointed. If the whole number, instead of a beggarly two pages, could be devoted to "Gleanings," the editors of our comic papers would find their occupation gone.

In these Gleanings the names of places and people are not given; Mrs. Arbuthnot has often been urged to do this, "but surely those who make the suggestion can hardly be aware of the relentless persecution with which Rome pursues those who bring discredit upon her system."¹ So the members put

¹ *P. W.* December, 1897.

numbers, not names, to their communications, just as if they were members of a secret society; they speak of "Cardinal V—," and of a seaside place named "B;" where there are many ritualistic churches. As the Gleanings are mainly confined to records of Rome's advances, I do not see why she should want to persecute the writers; but the traditional stupidity of Catholics is duly recognized by the adoption of disguises such as the above. A governess once told me that the two children under her charge had a similarly low view of her intelligence. "Shall we be G. or N. to-day?" one would say at breakfast. "Well, we'll be G. to-day, but we'll be *very* N. to-morrow" (and they were). I imagine they are now contributors to *The Protestant Woman*.

The wiles of Romanists in general and of Jesuits in particular; the superhuman cunning combined with colossal ignorance which characterizes the Catholic Church; the steady progress of Popery in spite of all efforts (this "eternal note of sadness" pervades the whole magazine); these are the main topics on which the Gleanings dilate. Add to these, that delightful literary charm which is never absent from the writings of ultra-Protestants—a charm which more than compensates for want of coherence and absence of grammar; and you will see that little is wanting to ensure the enjoyment of the reader.

Who can read without tears—for tears are caused by laughter as well as by grief—such a narrative as the following?

I am so grieved to see an image of the Virgin Mary has been placed in a niche over the entrance to the K——¹ parish church. I never expected to see this during the time of the present vicar. It was most distressing to me yesterday to have to pass the Roman Catholic Church, then their shop, a little lower down the parish church with its image, and then to get into an omnibus and sit next to a smart girl, who was most interested in a paper she was reading, and which I found to be a highly ritualistic organ. Then on my return home I found a letter telling me that my cousin is to be married to a Roman Catholic, who is, I believe a *real* Papist. No settlements have been made, and all my cousin's money is hers to do as she likes with. The money in our family seems gradually to be getting entirely into the hands of the enemy.—No. 4613.²

Was ever sadder tragedy written in fewer words? did fate ever march onward with more deliberate steps? De Quincey points out how those who begin with murder often end with sabbath-breaking; and here, beginning with an image of the

¹ "K"—of course = Kensington.

² *P.W.* October, 1895.

Virgin Mary, we proceed (by omnibus) to the possible loss of "the money in our family"! The "Roman Catholic" who is believed to be "a *real* Papist," seems to show that even in Popery there are grades and distinctions known only to the outer world. Beliefs of this kind, however, may be wrong, for in the same number of *The Protestant Woman*, No. 963 writes :

Things are very bad in India. So few are bold enough to take a stand, and so they drift on almost unconsciously into the deadening forms of ritual. Mrs. — has been very grieved lately at the going over to Rome of two ladies, well known to her, from one of the high churches. She had believed that one was really a Christian.—No. 963.

That is the worst of it: things are very bad everywhere. Plaw Hatch and the offices of the Protestant Alliance, Mr. Kensit's shop, and two or three other arks, will soon be the only safe abiding-places of Protestants. "It is very sad to find so much error creeping in everywhere," as No. 9418 says,¹ and to be so powerless to prevent it; for what is the use of lending *The Protestant Woman* to a friend, if "she is prevented from attending our Reformed Episcopal Church, which she would like to do"—there is no accounting for taste—"as she has a young lady with her from Lincoln." "How many hindrances we meet!" as the hymn says, and how difficult it is to overcome them; for when the preventive young lady was shown *The Protestant Woman*, "she said the accounts in it were very much exaggerated."

One of the saddest signs of the times is the decadence of the Protestant press. No. 1508 writes:²

We have been much pained lately as to the popish tone of the articles in religious magazines. Can you help us at all with reference to those I am now sending you? "The Heart of Christ," in *Friendly Leaves*, p. 198, seems to us Popery pure and simple. How sad that such a paper should be supplied to members of the Girls' Friendly! And sadder still is it to find the venerable Tract Society publishing such articles as "Suppression of Religious Houses," page 439 of the *Leisure Hour*, with its very high praise of monks, and especially of the Franciscans.

It is some satisfaction to Catholics to find such epithets as "pure" and "simple" associated with Popery; but this particular story had already attracted the attention of the editor, who says it "inculcates a gradual return to material idolatry in

¹ *P.W.* September, 1897. ² *Ibid.*

language as subtle as it is fascinating."¹ As to the paper on the suppression of religious houses, the

writer's statements so flatly contradict well-known and admitted facts that we frankly confess ourselves unable to determine whether he really knows no better himself, or whether he is merely trading on the *supposed* ignorance of his readers. For instance, speaking of the Carthusians, he says, "I select them for this reason, that never at any time was one syllable ever breathed against the morals, or the piety, or the austerity of the Carthusian monks in London." To this statement we can only reply, "Then they must have been utterly unlike all other monks."²

The press is, indeed, getting "nobbled" by Catholics, as No. 879 had pointed out some time before :

A widely read temperance paper has been publishing well written articles on various subjects, no *name* or *initials* given. In the course of conversation, before being aware of this, I asked a prominent worker, who had been circulating this magazine (*a W.P.U. member too*) whether she thought it possible that R.C.s had, or would ever, contribute to its pages ; and she vehemently repudiated the bare idea. "Of course not ; we *never* have anything written by them." A fellow-worker was sitting by, and immediately said, almost under her breath, "I beg your pardon ; numbers of our best articles have been written by them ; but (turning to me) they never have given their names."—No. 879.³

Even our almanacks are not safe :

124 4 Sunday after Easter 243

MAY

3

SUNDAY.

Invention of the Cross.

Sanctify yourselves, therefore, and be ye holy : for I am the Lord your God.

Lev. xx. 7.

I enclose you a "paper" from one of Marcus Ward's Calendars, given to us at Christmas, and outwardly possessing no "Church" feature, called "Our Daily Guide," beautifully got up. Imagine my indignation at tearing this off on Sunday.⁴

No wonder then that prayer is asked

for the editors of, and contributors to, certain so-called "evangelical" publications, the increasingly Popish tone of which is a source of grief to all sound Protestants.⁵

The League of Pity seems to be as bad as the Girls' Friendly Society ; it has "lately come out in its true colours," which I take to be scarlet and black. No. 36 says :

I am very glad I have got my friend to join, for she used to belong to a League of Pity, which has lately come out in its true colours. I cannot but be glad, for so many people have thus had their eyes

¹ *P.W.* August, 1897.

² *Ibid.*

³ *P.W.* July, 1896.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *P.W.* August, 1897.

opened to its true meaning. It was started by a girl, who, though she kept very quiet, got lots of children to join; they were all invited to a garden tea; every one went, and, of course, enjoyed it. It was to be repeated every six months. When the time came for the next meeting, it was to be held in the hall attached to the Episcopal Church! I am glad to say a good many members withdrew.¹

Of course the Jesuits are continually to the fore. "Parents cannot be too careful where they send their children to school, nor whom they employ in the nursery or the kitchen;"² and No. 1876 supplies an example which illustrates the necessity for this caution:

M—, my medical maid, once came across a Jesuit. A woman came into a house where M. was then living as a housemaid. She pretended to be very illiterate—unable, in fact, to read or write. The family being thus thrown off their guard, left letters and papers about which enabled her to gain the information she required. M. can't quite remember the incidents of her leaving; it was in an unpleasant way, but to every one's astonishment, she wrote out a full receipt for wages in a thoroughly well educated hand.³

The necessity for care in the nursery is well illustrated by No. 7547:

One lady I know, when she was first married, had a Roman Catholic servant when her first child was born. This servant was allowed to take the child out, and one day she took it to the Roman Catholic church and got it baptized, as she said the R.C.s would always "look after it when grown up." The family are Nonconformists, and the child had previously been baptized in their own faith, which the servant, I suppose, did not know, or, if knowing it, would perhaps not be aware that the second ceremony would not stand. Since then this lady will not have an R.C. in her house; she told me this herself.⁴

The following anecdote by No. 9263 suggests that it might be well to exercise a similar care with regard to grooms:

When I married, our vicar, a most earnest, Evangelical man, warned me against ever having Roman Catholic servants in my house. At the time of the Fenian rising, a friend of my husband's had a R.C. groom, and one morning he saw in the newspaper that one of his Protestant acquaintances had been shot dead, either by a servant or tenant. Going to his stables, he told his groom, at the same time adding, "Now, Pat, what would you have done had you been in that murderer's place?" "Faith, your honour, I would have *just done the same thing*. I *must* have obeyed the priest, no matter what it was."⁵

¹ P.W. June, 1896. ² P.W. August, 1897. ³ *Ibid.* ⁴ P.W. December, 1897.

⁵ P.W. January, 1897.

Even in higher than domestic circles, the female Jesuit is to be encountered : witness the following narrative by No. 6071 :

I forgot to tell you of a little incident which happened on my last journey to London. I was alone in the compartment, when first one lady, and then another, got in. I passed a W.P.U. paper to one of them. After perusing it carefully, she handed it back to me, and pointing to a paragraph which referred to Convent Schools, she asked, in a courteous tone, whether I believed the statements it contained. I answered that I did fully. "Well," she said, "I do not, and I wonder that any educated person should be so ignorant and credulous." I let her go on for a time, and then finding that at the end of the article in question there was a mention of Miss Cusack, I enquired as impressively as I could, "And does *she* not know either ; is *she* not a proper authority ?" She was not long in replying by another question, viz.—"Do you expect, when Lucifer was cast out of heaven, that he would speak well of the Almighty ?" "But," I said, "in this instance she was not cast out. She, of her own free will, severed herself from a Communion she considered anti-Christian." More followed, and then I found the other woman was a Jesuit also. They both talked vociferously, especially the one I had not addressed ; for theirs were truly Popish tactics—abuse, vituperation, slander, etc. One of them intended to prove the genuineness of the article in question, and took down your name. Finally, they both got out at C——, for which I was thankful. We certainly ought to love Papists, though we may not love their religion. But as a rule, Papists in England, and especially Jesuits, are very unlovable indeed.¹

The Jesuit in his true, though somewhat well-worn, colours appears in a prize story by a lady whose strangely inappropriate *nom-de-guerre* is *Hauri ex puro*—"Draw from the pure source."

He was a tall, thin man, with a face studiously exercised to wear no expression in particular. But from beneath his shaggy eye-brows there gleamed from time to time a sinister light from his dark eyes, which, like a flash of lightning over a deserted battlefield, seemed to give an inkling of horrible secrets which would fain have shrouded themselves in the darkness and silence of the night.

Of course he managed to get an unfortunate young person with Protestant leanings conveyed to a convent, and, by way of making things pleasant, remarked to her on the way :

"If by word or look you intimate to that gentleman highway-robber, whom we now know to be the Baron von Starkenberg [he was her "young man"], that you are not entering the Convent willingly you will be sorry for it. If you do not care for yourself, remember there are

¹ P. W. December, 1896.

silent daggers, there are potent draughts at the service of our holy father, the Pope, which his faithful servants will readily wield in the cause of the Church; and, for the rest, the emissaries of our holy order find an entrance even into the courts of heretic princes, and can reach brave young nobles there as easily as silly heretic maidens like yourself in their fathers' houses."

Here is an anecdote from Edinburgh, told by No. 4347:

Before I close [this is the beginning of the "gleaning,"] I should like to tell you something which occurred the other day in Edinburgh. An acquaintance of mine was at a meeting addressed by Pastor Chiniquy, from Canada. Ere the audience separated, a gentleman rose and said he should like to mention that some friends of his at C— were having a pile of weeds burnt in their garden. Two Jesuit priests passed by, and in a mocking tone they said to the man so engaged, "Ah, that is just the way we hope, before long, to treat you Protestants." The gentleman said he wished the fact to be widely known.¹

It may be thought that it is only the clergy who are actuated by these bloodthirsty instincts; but No. 8774 dispels this illusion:

Some Protestants seem to think that *present day* Roman Catholics show an extremely tolerant disposition, in contradiction to that notoriously bloodthirsty spirit manifested by their ancestors 300 years ago. The following facts may perhaps help to undeceive them. When my friend, Mrs. W., was a school-girl, she spent her holidays with a maiden aunt, Miss C. Now this lady was strongly attached to a R.C. acquaintance of hers, who appeared to be a most charming and amiable individual, until one day she clearly and unmistakeably expressed her real feelings,—"*I HOPE*," she remarked, with perfect composure, "that the day is coming when I shall wade knee-deep in Protestant blood." What an awful admission! How fully it proves that, under their mild and even cringing exterior, there lurks the same cruel hatred which, century after century, has led the Church of Rome to commit the most brutal atrocities on those whose only fault is their religious belief. What would be thought of a cultivated Protestant lady, if she quietly announced:—"I hope the day is coming when I shall wade knee-deep in Buddhist, Mohammedan, Confucian, or *Roman Catholic* blood"?²

Other priests try the power of persuasion, but their blandishments are sometimes thwarted by Protestant vigilance. No. 6025 stopped the little game of one of them:

Some years ago, two girls, daughters of a wealthy man, attended our school as day-boarders. They had to pass the Catholic Church

¹ P. W. February, 1897.

² P. W. December, 1896.

and the priest's house. One day it transpired that this priest used to look out for them and give them French bon-bons, and that they thought him a most charming man. The elder one, a girl of fifteen, said she should like to be a Roman Catholic, but her father would not allow her; however, when she was twenty-one she could do as she liked. Of course, I communicated with her father, and the little plot was frustrated.¹

This account is confirmed by another witness, who writes:

I can endorse what Mrs. H. says of the priest giving away French bon-bons. Here Mr. C. waylays girls in the "foot-path fields," as they are called, and distributes pictures and sweets; and another priest has been teaching little French "rondes," and has quite a *posse* of children whom he amuses in this way. Mr. C. is the senior priest, a typical *bon-vivant*, who comes smoking along the street, and is considered quite a *bon-camarade* by the young people.²

Some priests, indeed, in their enthusiasm for conversions, seem to carry this *bon-camaraderie* to extremes: thus No. 2794 tells us that

the latest "scheme" for the conversion of England is surely quite a new one. A Roman Catholic priest, a youthful "Father," is sent to a sea-side place, where he enters into all the pursuits of the young men; cricket, tennis, etc. Dressed in white flannels and a blazer, he looks exactly like any other young fellow, and, being good at sports, has them all hanging about him, full of his praises; he is also very marked in his attentions to the young ladies.³

The laity are as energetic as the clergy, and it would be well for the unwary Protestant to exercise caution when he is asked to allow any one to share his umbrella. It is terrible to reflect what might have happened in the following instance, had No. 174 not been on the spot. She writes:

Rome is busy at B——. Mr. X. told me that a few Sundays ago, when walking home from the Hall, a man asked him if he might come under his umbrella, to which he assented, and in the course of conversation this man turned out to be a Roman Catholic pervert, named S., who said that he would like to have an interview with Mr. X., which was agreed to. I was told of it before the interview took place, and I said that if Mr. X. would call here, some tracts and books would be left for him, at the same time warning him that perhaps the Roman Catholic was seeking to pervert him! The interview took place; S. came armed with four or five books of controversy. Fortunately a friend was with Mr. X., and these two insisted on confining the discussion, which lasted until three o'clock next morning, to the Bible.

¹ P. W. October, 1897.

² *Ibid.*

³ P. W. December, 1896.

Mr. S. said that he had been instrumental in leading *seven* of his relations into the Church of Rome. One thing, which he could not understand, was the assurance of Salvation possessed by these two friends, which, he acknowledged, troubled his mind. Another meeting has been arranged, when Mr. S. is going to bring his brother. I trust that this occurrence may lead to the formation of some Protestant educational classes.¹

Why the advent of Mr. S.'s brother should lead to the formation of Protestant educational classes, I am not able to understand.

Witnessing for the truth is attended with many difficulties. Take the case of No. 7048, for example :

Just lately I did a few nights' nursing at a Vicarage at R., where there was a nurse already. I found I did not get on, one fault found (and I think it must have been the nurse who made the complaint, as it came back to me through the Superintendent) was that I read a Protestant paper during the night. I was not aware that reading at night was forbidden, but the point is that it was remarked that I read a *Protestant paper*. I had one of our Magazines there and a "*British Protestant*." I should have felt staggered at such a remark were it not that I was somewhat prepared for it by what I have heard and read lately. The patient's father recently went on that pilgrimage to Glastonbury.²

How thankful should we be that No. 7048 was somewhat prepared, and so did not stagger!

Yet more harrowing is the case of "A. A.," who, probably on account of her exalted position, has no number. Surely since the time when Naaman bowed in the house of Rimmon, no believer has been in so difficult a position.

I have now for the sixth winter, accompanied the Princess abroad, every time being forced by the Lord to do it. I must say that it is sorely against my natural inclination to spend my winters in Rome in this Popish atmosphere, and I would much prefer staying at home, continuing the work I take in every summer, of Sunday-school, Bible-class, and visiting among my poor neighbours in the country. But when the Royal Family insist upon my accompanying the Princess, and I have no home ties, and the Lord, as answer to my prayers, puts no hindrance in my way, I go in His strength, and He helps me wonderfully, day after day. But, *as yet*, I see no result of my going, and that is the Princess's conversion. I pray for her daily, and must continue in faith. Sorely, against my will, she is always paying a visit to the Pope, but it is considered only an act of politeness. He is considered to be a sovereign. She has all the other years let me free,

¹ *P.W.* June, 1896.

² *P.W.* October, 1897.

and only taken a maid of honour with her, but this year, being the only lady with her, I was obliged to go. I hoped, till the last moment, that the Lord would send a hindrance, but none came. But, to my great thankfulness, I was spared to kiss his hand, or call him "Holiness." More and more I see of the Roman Church I detest it; it is the most worldly religion that exists, and is quite pagan with a Christian varnish. May the Lord fill us abundantly with His Spirit, so that we may be a blessing where we go.¹

It must be owned that the writer is a little obscure. "I see no result of my going, and that is the Princess's conversion." Conversion to what? "Sorely against my will, she is always paying a visit to the Pope." Surely the Princess is unreasonable, not only in opposing the Baroness, for such is the rank of "A. A.," but in thus continually obtruding herself upon the Pope: can such conduct be "considered an act of politeness"? But there are hopes for the Princess; in another part of the same number we find:

United, earnest, and unceasing prayer is requested for the conversion of a foreign Princess. The Baroness who by royal command accompanies her when she leaves home is, thank God, a devoted Christian, and longs and asks daily for the blessing of the Princess's conversion. Plead too, that she herself may be comforted and sustained in her difficult but certainly God-appointed duty.

In another part of the same number, it was hoped that Her Gracious Majesty would use her authority in a somewhat similar direction in commemoration of her Jubilee; but the influence of Popery in high places is such that it may be doubted whether the suggestion ever reached her. Here it is:

What a grand commemoration of the longest reign in the annals of English history it would be were our noble Queen to win over to the Protestant faith the ex-Empress Eugénie, in whose company she is so often found, and over whom she could only exert an influence for good, against error, and for the *truth*, and, to add to this, that she absolutely refuse any gift from the Pope of Rome, who, were he the Supreme Ruler, would deprive Her Majesty's subjects of liberty of conscience, which they have so long enjoyed under her benign reign.

So far, however, was the Queen from accepting this advice, that No. 9171 remarks:

I was sorry to remark that Papal Envoy in the procession, and so much "in evidence." Last week a lady told me that she had been honoured with a ticket to view the "vestments" to be worn at St. Paul's. I should have thought that manly feeling for a lady (the Queen),

¹ *P. W.* June, 1897.

necessarily dressed quietly in semi-mourning, would have kept the Bishops in subdued black and white. But no—the millinery craze had affected them too deeply, and they must needs go finer than the Queen. I wish her Majesty, like another Elizabeth, had shown her disapproval by ordering the coloured garments to be removed.¹

This reference to the absence of manly feeling and exhibition of bad taste on the part of the Protestant Bishops reminds us that if Romanists are bad, Ritualists are worse. Straws show which way the wind blows :

There is a Church of England at N——. To-day my husband met the Vicar, and asked him if he were the Vicar or the Rector. "I am the Priest-in-charge," he said. So you can judge from that the state of things here.—No. 210.²

No. 5246 says that her Vicar "makes no secret (but a great point) of offering a sacrifice at the Communion," and that "he holds confessions on Thursday evenings."³ In another place, "an interesting young woman," left her home because

her life was a burden to her from the obligation to go to Confession—the clergyman would not permit her to take the Lord's Supper, or, as he called it, "The Mass" without first going to him to confess.⁴

Only the feebleness of her sex precluded No. 2305 from making a public protest, under the circumstances which she thus records :

I went to a lecture lately given here on Church Defence, subject, the "Reformation." I was quite shocked to hear the speaker denounce Cranmer as a "time server." He turned John Foxe into ridicule, and said his "Book of Martyrs" was full of errors and false statements, and was throughout unreliable. He spoke in favour of bloody Queen Mary, and in regretful terms of the dissolution of the monasteries. I felt so indignant I could scarcely sit the lecture out ; had I been a man, I must have remonstrated.⁵

Incidentally, much light is thrown on the method and teaching of the Ritualists by No. 298 : one can only hope that the "poor paralyzed man" is capable (and he probably is) of turning the attention of "all the sects" to the provision of his temporal necessities, and that the young lady will find that the omnipresence of God is not "contradictory."

There is a poor paralyzed man here, who has been angled for by all the sects, from R.C.s to Spiritualists (the latter wanted him for a subject). The extreme Rits. send a bath-chair for him to go to their

¹ *P. W.* August, 1897.

² *P. W.* December, 1896.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *P. W.* July, 1896.

evening service on Sundays and on special days to their Mass. He is inundated with their lady visitors, but complains of their ignorance. They make statements, and when a counter statement is made and proof of *their* assertions asked for, they say they will refer to their instructor (!) (Father Confessor), but the subject is always dropped. He asked one lady why they bowed to the East, and why they adored at the Elevation, and if they did not believe that God was everywhere. The lady (not young) said it had never struck her before, that it certainly seemed contradictory, and she would ask. She has not received her answer, but is still being asked for it. The sermons generally seem a glorification of the deeds, real or imaginary, of saints. The great "St. Thomas" was lauded a few Sundays ago. But the climax came last Sunday week; the curate told them from the pulpit that "St. John the Baptist died in his bed," and that "St. James was boiled in oil!" Three lady visitors were upset by this, but I found he called St. James the First Bishop of Jerusalem, and pointed out the Collect that had been read in Church, and asked how that applied to him, and these are the people who belabour the Board Schools!—No. 298.¹

Even the ranks of the W. P. U. are not exempt from the Roman tribute: for we read of "the perversion to Rome" of the Secretary of the Folkestone branch, since which "the work seems to have languished somewhat."² No wonder C. M. H. writes:

My wife wept with me while I read some telling stories from the *P. W.* proving that Romanism is Satan's work. This I saw most distinctly when I was in Mexico, from 1860 to 1864, and also in 1894, when I visited this country again. To see the poor deluded women going to Mass or early 7 o'clock confession was sad indeed.³

Catholics themselves are of course so hardened that nothing astonishes them; even the sight of a priest celebrating High Mass all by himself fails to excite interest, although it is not a frequent function. R. G. B. (why no number?) tells us:

A friend of mine, who is a visiting music teacher in a large school attached to a Roman Catholic convent, was once invited, by one of the nuns, to go into the chapel and inspect the extra decorations and other preparations for some special service that was shortly to take place there. She accordingly accepted the invitation, but on entering the building, she at once perceived that the priest was engaged in the Celebration of High Mass; and so, turning to her companion, my friend remarked: "I think we had better not come in just now: you see they are having service." The nun, therefore, glanced in the direction indicated, and then said, in a half-indifferent, half-contemptuous tone: "Pooh; it is only the Office! What does that matter?" It is almost needless to say that my friend, as a sound Protestant, did not

¹ *P. W.* December, 1897.

² *P. W.* April, 1897.

³ *P. W.* October, 1897.

believe in transubstantiation, and yet she had a feeling of reverence to which the Romanist, a professed believer in the bodily presence of her risen Lord, was evidently quite a stranger.¹

Nuns, of course, figure prominently in the *P. W.*, and escapes from convents are apparently more frequent than is commonly supposed. Here is the latest, as recorded by L. J. :

I was in the 'bus going down St. Quienten's [*sic*] Avenue (North Kensington). I saw three females on the field at the back of St. Helen's Gardens, and a policeman talking to a clergyman by the railings. The clergyman got on the 'bus, and the conductor asked him if it was a case of burglary; he told him, in my hearing, that it was an escaped nun, from Cornwall Road Nunnery. She had got over the wall the previous night, and had been in the fields all night. The Lady Superior was with her, so the clergyman said.²

What the clergyman said, however, like the utterance of "the soldier" on another occasion, is apparently "not evidence;" or perhaps it is only the well-known difficulty of giving a strictly accurate account of any event that causes certain discrepancies in two references in the "prayer" department of the same number :

For a nun seen to escape from a Convent in West London, but who it is believed was taken back to the Convent.

For a nun who lately made her escape; was seen by a Member surrounded by a crowd, amongst which was another nun trying to persuade her to return.

One cannot wonder that the poor things want to escape, when one reads No. 9574's account of the way things are carried on, at any rate in New Zealand, apparently with popular approval :

There is a lady in this house, who says, when she was in Raratonga, she was staying near a Convent, and she often used to hear piercing screams from it—and "they" told her that no one could interfere, they were only punishing the nuns.³

But they stand little chance so long as the police prevent their escape, as is the case at "T," a "dark place," of which No. 9833 says :

We are surrounded by Ritualists and Romanists, and are continually making the discovery that some pleasant, chatty, friendly customer is a Papist. Our house overlooks the grounds of the Convent of Perpetual Adoration, and our next door neighbour (a very friendly one) is a retired superintendent of police, a Papist, who, I am told, when a nun escaped from this Convent into the fields some years ago, helped to catch and bring her back into captivity!⁴

¹ *P. W.* July, 1896.

² *P. W.* November, 1897.

³ *P. W.* April, 1897.

⁴ *P. W.* September, 1897.

The administration of the General Post Office is a matter for concern. "A Christian constable," who would naturally be well-informed as to the G. P. O., was asked by No. 879

whether it were true that in the G. P. O. there exists a body of men who constitute a "St. Martin's League," formed for the express purpose of interfering with Protestant communications by post. He knew all about it, and answered in the affirmative, adding also that recently a raid had been made by these men upon the G. P. O. Library for the postmen, from which they extracted every Protestant (doctrinal) book. However, he was glad to say, the Protestant men discovered it, and, forming the majority, insisted that every book should be restored. Here, again, young postmen, who are Roman Catholics, are continually being promoted over their elders—Protestants. If this kind of thing continues, shall we not find ourselves, as Protestants, without power of appeal against assault, to a Roman Catholic force, and without the means of communicating with one another in time of peril through a Roman Catholic Post Office?¹

One would like to know what Mr. Stanton thinks of this account of his League: No. 540 thinks it is alarming,

coupled with the announcement which I have seen (I believe in *The Christian*), that postmasters over the age of sixty are to be compelled to retire from the service! If the postal service of England were in the hands of Romanists it would indeed be disastrous!²

But it would be inconvenient if the G. P. O. were exempted from the ordinary rule of the Civil Service!

From time to time converts are made from Popery, and it is interesting to learn the reasons for their conversion. No. 589 tells us of a woman whom she visited:

I asked whether she was a Protestant or a Roman Catholic? Her reply was somewhat as follows: "The fact is that, just now, I have no religion. I *was* a Catholic, but my little girl died a short time ago, and I went to the priest to pray for her soul. I knew the fee was 3d., but I was *very* poor, and I had only 2d. in the world. I begged him to take it, but he refused to do so, as it was not the *full* amount. I would gladly have given him more, but I took him *all* I had. When I found that he still refused my request, I said to myself that he could not really believe it would do my child as much good as he *said* it would, or he would surely have given the extra penny himself; for, after all, it *was* only a penny that was lacking. So since that time," she continued, "I have no religion."³

Sometimes they go out of the frying-pan into the fire, as in the case recorded by No. 110 of a young woman who

¹ *P.W.* January, 1897.

² *P.W.* May, 1897.

³ *P.W.* February, 1897.

has left the R. C. Church to attend the Ultra-Ritualistic one, close here, as "they teach Catholic doctrine," and the Clergy are "more of gentlemen than the R. C. priests!" I told her that it was not Church of England if they did, and lent her the Thirty-nine Articles to read for herself what is the real teaching of the C. of E., and also a Bible, for she has none, which I have begged her to keep a while longer, although she has obtained a Douay New Testament, which she consented to do, so as to compare it with that.¹

The weakness of the Protestant cause is due to apathy and dread of controversy. One would hardly have expected this, but No. 6042 says so.

About three years ago, the senior curate of St. John's preached against Mariolatry. He informed us that several young people had wished to know what harm there could be in asking the Virgin Mary to intercede for us? Is it not more than time for sleeping Protestants to wake up and be doing? There is such a morbid and, alas! ever-increasing dread of controversy on our side, that even the statements of the inspired Word itself must be watered and toned down before they are considered suitable for the "ears polite" and hearts gushing with love, for all save the truth of God.²

From this apathy we are likely to have a terrible awakening. No. 2496 says:

I was told by a prominent worker among the Romanists on the Continent, that soon something will happen regarding Romanism which will cause a thrill of horror through the country. He added, "You are all asleep in England!"

Fortunately this prophecy was uttered as long ago as October, 1895, and nothing has happened yet. No. 7082 says:

England seems asleep. May God open the eyes of all in power to see the terrible danger of Popery, not only at home, but also abroad where I have been for nearly two years, returning more staunchly Protestant than ever.³

There is plenty more of this kind, but my readers will have had enough to show them what kind of person the "Protestant Woman" is. They will also, I am afraid, be inclined to think that the funds devoted to missionary work abroad might be more profitably expended at home. But the better thing to do would be to promote as far as possible the distribution of Catholic literature of the most elementary kind among our fellow-countrymen, and more especially among our fellow-countrywomen. They need it.

JAMES BRITTEN.

¹ *P.W.* November, 1897. ² *P.W.* May, 1897. ³ *P.W.* October, 1897.

The Vision of the Monk of Eynsham.

AMONGST the very rarest of English "incunabula"—of books, that is, belonging to the infancy of the art of printing—may be counted a volume known as the "Revelation to the Monk of Evesham,"¹ which was printed in London about the year 1482, at the press of Caxton's earliest rival, William of Mechlin. It is in many ways a remarkable little treatise, impressing even the Nonconformist scholar who has re-edited it in modern times² as "the product of a strong mind," as a work "written in good faith," as "such a book as John Bunyan might have written had he lived five centuries earlier." Still there is a not unreasonable prejudice in the minds of many against the unauthorized visions of Purgatory and a future state, of which so many were current in the middle ages. If I propose to occupy a few pages here with this almost forgotten fragment of mysticism, it is for an extrinsic reason to which I think no one has previously called attention. I hope that it will count as an exceptional title of interest, and as an ecclesiastical sanction of no ordinary kind, if I can make it clear that the Monk of Eynsham was intimately associated with no less a person than St. Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln, and that the Revelation was both approved by him, and even published at his express desire.

It would be impossible within the limits at my command to attempt even the briefest sketch of the life of the great St. Hugh of Lincoln, one of the noblest figures in the ecclesiastical annals of our country. Although I am afraid that the details of that life are less familiar to many of my readers than they deserve to be, I must assume that they know

¹ Until quite recently the copy in the British Museum was believed to be unique, and it is spoken of as unique by one of the Museum officials, Mr. H. L. Ward, in his *Catalogue of Romances*, vol. ii. (1893), p. 507. I gather, however, from Mr. Gordon Duff's *Early Printed Books*, that a second copy has lately been discovered. In the heading of the book the name is printed Evesham, or rather Euyshamme, but from Coggeshall and some of the MSS. of the Latin original it is clear that the monastery which is meant is not Evesham, but Eynsham, near Oxford.

² The *Revelation* has been included by Professor Arber in his series of "English Reprints."

something of the holy Carthusian Bishop, of the dauntless courage with which he withstood and won the veneration of two such Kings as Richard Cœur de Lion and John, of the ready humour and sympathy, despite all the strength of his character, which endeared him to their father, King Henry II., of his love of children, his fondness for animals, his devotion to poor lepers, his singular charity towards the suffering souls in Purgatory. All these things and many more may be read of in the Life, known as the *Magna Vita*, written by the Benedictine monk, Adam, who became his chaplain, and who, during the last three years of the Saint's episcopate, never quitted his side night or day. What I would specially desire to recall to mind is the common-sense simplicity and truthfulness which, as all admit, distinguishes St. Hugh—and, I may add, his chaplain biographer also—in that superstitious age. With all his intense piety Hugh was no gaper after marvels. The rebuke he once addressed to some of his clergy, who were eager to rush off to witness an alleged miraculous transformation of the Sacred Host into flesh and blood, has even led some of his Protestant admirers to declare, very absurdly, that "he was no believer in miracles."¹ St. Hugh fully believed in miracles, but for all that he reminded his clerks of the truth of our Lord's lesson, *beati qui non viderunt et crediderunt*. "There is no need," he told them, "for us to see with our bodily eyes, that which we see clearly with the eye of faith every day in the Mass." As for his truthfulness, he was so scrupulously exact in the matter, that he scrutinized closely even the phraseology of the legal documents issued in his name. He would not allow the words: "We remember to have summoned you before," to appear in his *subpœnas*, for he feared that through his own lapse of memory they might not be strictly true. "Charity in the heart, *truth on the lips*, chastity of the body," was his brief formula for holiness of life. Such was the man, to whom we owe it, as I hope to show, that the vision of the

¹ St. Hugh's chaplain writes of him, "For in this matter (of miracles) also the Blessed Hugh had perfectly imbibed the sober and humble spirit of the founders of the Carthusian Order, so that there was nothing he seemed less to appreciate or to be keen about than miracles and wonders. It is true that when he heard or knew such things about saintly men he used very pleasantly to recount them, and he regarded these things with deep veneration; but he recounted them chiefly to enhance the glory of those who worked the marvels and to spur on those who were moved by the hearing of them. For his own part, the one miracle which impressed him, the one example which roused him to imitation, was the holiness of the saints in itself." (*Magna Vita*, p. 97.)

Eynsham monk was committed to writing and spread far and wide throughout England.

Although St. Hugh of Lincoln in Christian art is not usually distinguished by any other emblem than the presence of his tame swan, we do sometimes find him—a fresco at the Certosa of Pavia is a case in point—represented as at the altar with a little Infant in his hands in the place of the Host. This has reference to an incident recorded in the *Magna Vita*,¹ which it is necessary here to summarize.

At the beginning of November, 1193 or 1194, St. Hugh was one day saying Mass in the chapel of his manor at Bugden. A number of priests and monks were present, and amongst them a young cleric about twenty-five years of age, apparently a stranger. When Mass was over, he asked to speak to the Bishop. St. Hugh received him kindly, took him behind the altar (*secus altare*) and there the young man told him a long and very strange story. When praying for the soul of his father on the day after All Saints, this cleric had heard a mysterious voice bidding him go to the Bishop of Lincoln and urge the Bishop to draw the attention of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Hubert Walter) to the deplorable abuses and the corruption of morals then prevalent among the English clergy. The young man believed at first that it was all a delusion, but the voice repeated the same command again, and the message was confirmed both by the words of a pious woman who spoke to him of her own accord, and by a third repetition of this mysterious intimation that same night after he had retired to rest. When the cleric pleaded that one so insignificant as himself could have no weight with the Bishop, the voice bade him disclose to the holy man what he should see upon the altar during his Mass, and it added that he would then at once gain credence for the message he had to communicate. The young ecclesiastic accordingly hastened to Bugden, assisted at the Bishop's Mass, and saw the form of a beautiful Infant in his hands at the moment of consecration in place of the Host. This he told to St. Hugh, adding that he was sure that the presence of the little Child was made perceptible to the Saint also, and the latter, without contradicting or affirming it, answered only by mingling his tears with those which the pious youth was shedding, charging him to speak to no one else of what he had that day witnessed. Further, he exhorted him to

¹ Pp. 235, seq.

enter a monastery, in order not to expose any longer to the dangers of the world the soul which had been so singularly favoured. The young man promised to follow this advice. Then the Bishop led him to the refectory, placed him near himself during the repast, and sent him away on the next day, with his blessing, to a monk who was one of his special friends.

The new Religious, we are told, lived a holy life in the cloister, where he was favoured with numerous other revelations, many of which were set down in writing by the order of St. Hugh, and were scattered far and wide. It was from the lips of this monk that the Bishop's chaplain and biographer afterwards gathered the facts which have just been briefly summarized.¹

This chaplain of his, the monk Adam, was led to the belief that the favour of which the young cleric was the privileged witness, was habitually enjoyed by St. Hugh in celebrating the Holy Mysteries. During the Bishop's lifetime, Adam never ventured to question him about it, though pressed by others to do so. After the Saint's death he regretted his reticence, and in a dream in which St. Hugh appeared to him, he asked his former master as to the truth of the miracle, but received only a somewhat baffling reply. "Though such a revelation may have been often vouchsafed to me," the Saint seemed to him to answer, "why do you trouble yourself therewith?"

It is in connection with this incident that Mr. Dimock, the editor of the *Magna Vita* in the Rolls Series, makes some remarks upon the question, so important for our present inquiry, of the truthfulness of its author, the chaplain Adam. The passage is somewhat too long to quote entire, but Mr. Dimock's conclusion is so completely in accord with the conviction which I also have derived from a somewhat close study of the *Magna Vita*, that I cannot pass it over here. It is certainly most remarkable, as this Anglican clergyman declares, how conspicuously the biographer resists the temptation to garble or embroider in favour of his own prepossessions any of the

¹ The passage in the *Magna Vita* runs thus: After telling us that the young cleric, becoming a monk soon after, *religiose admodum conversatus est*, the author goes on: "Cui plurima quoque spiritualium visionum mysteria postmodum fuisse revelata certissime experti sumus, ex quibus non pauca literis dudum de mandato sancti præsulis tradita, longe lateque vulgata noscuntur. A cujus ore hæc ipsa quæ modo retulimus frequenter audivimus." (*Magna Vita*, p. 241.) The *certissime experti sumus* must imply intimate personal relations between the writer and the percipient of the vision.

incidents he records in the life of his hero, even where he might reasonably have considered himself justified in doing so. "He has thus given us a proof," writes Mr. Dimock, "of his rigid accuracy and truthfulness, than which it seems to me scarcely possible to imagine a more strong and convincing one." And he adds :

I might add much to the same purpose, but it seems to me needless. I shall just remark, however, that in much of what our author relates, he is fully corroborated by contemporary history ; as for instance in the curious and somewhat marvellous narrative of the supposititious child related in Book iv. ch. 5, where, while of course he enters more into particulars, his main facts will be found confirmed by the certain testimony of entries in the public records of the kingdom. So far as I can see, there is every reason to consider him a most truthful and accurate writer.¹

If I have dwelt upon this point, it has been for a very good reason, for the author of the *Magna Vita* is also the author of the Latin original of the *Revelation to the Monk of Evesham*, and the monk who received these marvellous communications concerning the sufferings of the souls in Purgatory, is none other than the former cleric who entered a monastery at St. Hugh's direction after he was privileged to behold the vision of the little Child in the Saint's hands during Mass. Let me now try to give as concisely as possible the evidence for these conclusions.

In the first place the visions printed in English three hundred years later by William of Mechlin, under the title of the *Revelation to the Monk of Evesham*, undoubtedly belong to St. Hugh's time and were widely disseminated in England. An abbreviation of the narrative, occupying several pages, is to be found, inserted bodily, both in the *Flores Historiarum* of Roger of Wendover and the *Chronica Major* of Matthew Paris under the year 1196. Moreover, although similar visions of a future state were not uncommon in the middle ages,² in the actual lifetime of St. Hugh, I do not know of any English vision which became famous except that of the monk of

¹ *Magna Vita*, Rolls Series, Preface, pp. xlvī, xlvii.

² They begin with the apocryphal "Apocalypse of Peter" and "Acts of Thomas" in sub-Apostolic times, and culminate, it may be said, in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. Bede, as is well known, incorporates in his History two notable revelations of this kind, those of Fursa and Drythelm, and there were several others, notably *St. Patrick's Purgatory*, popular at a later date. See Alessandro d'Ancona, *I Precursori di Dante*.

Eynsham, certainly of none that was anything like so widely disseminated.¹ This fact alone might have been sufficient to suggest that the clerk who conceived himself entrusted with a supernatural message for the Bishop, and who afterwards by his direction entered a monastery, may have been no other than the recipient of the famous Eynsham vision.

A nearer examination makes the case more probable. Ralph of Coggeshall, a contemporary, who also gives a brief account of the revelation in his chronicle, tells us that the Eynsham monk was "young in age though a veteran in regularity of life," and that he had but recently quitted the world for the cloister. Again, we have to remember that the Abbey of Eynsham was in St. Hugh's diocese, and that at the date of these visions (1196), the Saint was brought into very intimate relations with the monks on account of the death of the Abbot in the previous year, and his own most energetic efforts to keep the abbey from falling into the King's hands. We may safely assume that nothing could have happened and no considerable document have been given to the world at Eynsham in 1196 without St. Hugh being aware of it. Lastly, we know that Adam, St. Hugh's chaplain, the author of the *Magna Vita*, became Abbot of Eynsham, and that he had also probably been a monk there before his elevation to the higher dignity. When, therefore, he tells us that he had *frequently* heard all the details of the story from the person who had seen the little Child in St. Hugh's hands, and when we find that the protest against the corruption of the clergy which forms the purport of the Divine message to St. Hugh is also practically the theme of the Eynsham monk's disclosures about the punishments of the world to come, the suspicion becomes very strong that the recipients of these two supernatural communications must be one and the same person.

An important piece of evidence which I have recently found quoted in Mr. H. L. Ward's *Catalogue of Romances at the British*

¹ The original Latin text of the vision of the Eynsham monk is preserved substantially entire in at least four MSS. (Cotton. *Cleop.* C, xi.; Digby, 34; Selden, B. 66; Bodleian, 636.) Besides this we have the abbreviation in Wendover and Matthew Paris, and the printed English version. But the most curious text which we possess, is that contained in the fourteenth century MS. (Cotton. *Calig.* A, viii.) Here we have an entirely new Latin rendering, and, as we learn from the Prologue, the Vision has been translated back into Latin from a rhyming French version, which was no doubt made from Adam's Latin text at an earlier period. Of this intermediate metrical translation I do not know that any trace now exists.

Museum, converts this conjecture into a moral certainty. In a thirteenth century manuscript¹ belonging to our great national library, there is contained an account of the vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, seen by one Thurkill, a husbandman of Essex, in the year 1206. The author or editor of this account, as Mr. Ward has shown,² is no other than Ralph of Coggeshall, the chronicler, and he has prefixed to the narrative itself a preface in which a few comments are made upon some earlier visions of the same class.

And yet another vision [he says] has been clearly recorded which was seen in the Monastery of Eynsham in the year 1196; and Adam the sub-prior of the monastery, a most grave and religious man, wrote this narrative in an elegant style, even as he heard it from the mouth of him whose soul had been set free from the body for two days and nights. I do not believe that such a man, so religious and so learned, would have written these statements until they had been sufficiently tested; he being at that time moreover chaplain to Hugh,³ Bishop of Lincoln, a most holy man; and Thomas, Prior of Binham [in Norfolk], who was then Prior of Eynsham, and who examined the evidence closely, has since assured me that he feels no more doubt of the truth of the vision than of the Crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. And so much I have wished to say because many of the Eynsham monks decry the vision; but every revelation is doubted of by some.

From this most interesting statement of Ralph Coggeshall, we learn therefore that the Latin account of the vision of the Eynsham monk was drawn up by no other than St. Hugh's own chaplain Adam, the author of the *Magna Vita*. Can any doubt be felt that these were the revelations which were set down in writing by the order of St. Hugh, after much converse between his chaplain and the monk who received them?

Of the many internal indications which confirm this attribution it would take too long to speak in detail, and indeed confirmation is hardly necessary. Let it only be said that the "elegant style" of the author of the *Magna Vita* seems to me to be readily recognizable in the Latin original of the Revelation. Indeed, the Latin of this last is in parts slightly more "elegant,"

¹ Royal, 13, D, v.

² Vol. ii. p. 507.

³ Adam was certainly not chaplain to the Saint at the time the vision occurred, though he might not have published his narrative until a year or two afterwards. He only became a member of his household on November 12th, 1197. But he was probably intimate with St. Hugh long before that date. It was about the year 1214, some time after St. Hugh's death and later than the above extract from Coggeshall, that he was made *Abbot* of Eynsham.

or, at any rate, more involved than that of the Life,¹ a fact explainable no doubt by its being the earlier of the two, written before the author acquired the facility which came to him in the composition of the *Magna Vita*. Still more noteworthy and important for our present purpose is the fact that we may recognize in the narrator of the *Revelation*, that same scrupulous fidelity to truth, and the same absence of any tendency to suppress inconvenient circumstances, which do not fall in with his preconceived views, which is apparent in the later work. It is a narrative of very marvellous phenomena, but it is the narrative of a perfectly candid eye-witness, who is determined not to tamper with the truth, and who has no wish to pronounce anything miraculous until he has exhausted as far as his knowledge goes all reasonable and natural explanations. It is unfortunate that some of the most striking passages in which the narrator Adam makes sundry statements in his own person have been omitted in the printed translation of William of Mechlin. For that reason I hope, with the kind permission

¹ Here is a somewhat portentous specimen which may be quoted both for the interest of the statements it contains, and as an illustration of the style: "Igitur ut magnis viris, quibus et sanctitatis merito et auctoritatis eorum privilegio parvitas mea et conditionis ordine et devotionis affectu usquequaque addicta et obnoxia habetur, pro viribus satisfaciam, qui id oneris mihi inperito inevitabili prescripto obediencie imponunt, quædam valde præclara et ut nonnullorum se habet æstimatio ad totius Catholice matris ecclesie consolationem et edificationem atque instructionem multorum, si fideliter audiantur, efficacissima, quæ in quodam notissimo mihi monasterio contigisse anno presenti, qui est Verbi Incarnati annus millesimus centesimus nonagesimus sextus, certissime agnovi, utpote quibus interfui, et quæ fratri cuidam in visione ostensa sunt ex parte scribere disposui. Et hinc quidem summis votis fidelium edificationem quos presenti relatione letificandos spero exopans: hinc etiam servi inertis et pigri notam et penam evitare satagens. Hanc namque imminere mihi pertimescerem si conservos tantæ edificationis stirpe ingrato silentio fraudarem. De veritate autem dicendorum, fidelium nemo dubitare maluerit, quia sciens perdendos a domino omnes qui loquuntur mendacium, magis silerem funditus, quam quicquam obnoxium mendaciis scriptitando, tot ipse primo mentiens redderem falsiloquos quot fore contingeret scripti nostri narratores." (MS. Cotton. *Cleop.* C, xi. ff. 49-49b. Ward, ii. pp. 496, 497.) We learn from this that Adam wrote at the command of great personages (*magni viri*), whose will was law to him both from the just authority they had to command him, and from the deference he owed to their conspicuous sanctity. Obviously this can apply to no one so well as the holy Bishop of the diocese, who, just at that time, stood to the monastery of Eynsham in place of an abbot. If the plural is not purely honorific, we may suppose that the second personage so referred to was the Prior Thomas mentioned by Coggeshall. Secondly, Adam tells us that he was an eye-witness (*quibus interfui*) of the extraordinary occurrences which preceded and attended the Revelation, and also that he wrote in the same year in which it took place. Lastly, it would be hard to frame a more emphatic appreciation of the duty of scrupulous accuracy than the words with which the passage closes.

of the Bollandist Fathers, to publish before very long the complete Latin text of the Revelation in their *Analecta*.

And now I must try to give some short account of this curious Revelation which the great St. Hugh ordered Adam to commit to writing in his "elegant style," that it might be spread abroad for the edification of the faithful, and the truth of which Prior Thomas, "who examined the evidence closely," no more dreamed of doubting than he would have doubted the crucifixion of our Lord. It is important to recognize that the narrative as Adam has written it down consists of two very distinct elements. There is in the first place the account of the extraordinary occurrences which preceded and attended the Revelation, and to the truth of which many of the community were witnesses; these facts Adam relates historically in his own person. And then there is the vision, properly so called, the description of Purgatory and the sufferings of the souls detained there, as they were seen by the young monk during his trance, and related by him afterwards to his confessors and the writer. In the whole of this part of the Revelation, the narrative is put into the mouth of the visionary himself, and, as Adam is careful to inform his readers, the text preserves accurately the sense and most often the very words used by the monk in describing what he had seen. Unfortunately the English translator has omitted many of these editorial comments, and there has resulted in the printed edition a certain appearance of confusion which in no way belongs to the original.¹ Let us turn first to the circumstances attending the vision.

On Good Friday morning of the year 1196, when the monks of the monastery of Eynsham in Oxfordshire assembled for Prime, a strange sight met their view. A young monk was lying prostrate on the ground before the Abbot's chair, his feet bare and his form motionless. They tried to rouse him, but he gave no sign of life. His face was smeared all over with blood, his eyes sunken and glazed, his feet stone cold. Only after very close scrutiny "there was perceived in him a little thin breath, and a moving of his heart." Not knowing what

¹ "Hiis jam de istis per quemdam necessarie ut puto digressionis excursus compendiose intersertis ad directum historie tramitem recurramus, non nostra sed illius, qui experiendo hæc et videndo cognovit, verba vel sensa, quam proxime valebimus, fideli calamo exprimentes. Ipsum rem potius non modo velut loquentem immo et tanquam scribentem inducimus, cujus cotidiana relatione de hiis ad unguem edocti quæ scribimus ne in minimo quidem ab ejus nos verbis deviare indubitanter scimus." (MS. Cotton. *Cleopatra*, C, xi. fol. 53, vº.)

to do, they lifted him from the ground and took him to his bed, while some of the monks were left all that day to keep watch beside him.

The patient whose condition seemed so grave had not been long a member of their community. For the past fifteen months, that is almost from the very beginning of his residence amongst them, he had been a continual sufferer. "His stomach," we are told, "abhorred so greatly meat and drink that sometimes by the space of nine days or more he might receive nothing but a little warm water. And whatsoever thing of leechcraft or physick any man did to him for his comfort or his amendment, nothing helped him, but all turned contrary." On the evening before Maundy Thursday, however, he had felt suddenly better. He had been present at the midnight office, and had remained praying continuously in the church until six o'clock in the morning; then he had made his confession and had begged to receive the discipline publicly with the others, as was the custom of the monastery on that day. For the rest no one knew any more than that he had been seen on the way to Matins, and six hours later was found lying prostrate on the pavement under the circumstances already described.

During all that Good Friday and until the evening of Holy Saturday, the brethren remained in consternation. What greatly increased the general panic was the fact that the sacristan on going to fetch the crucifix which was used for the creeping to the Cross on Good Friday, and which had been kept since the beginning of Lent behind the altar of St. Lawrence, found it with its side and right foot covered with fresh blood. And there beside it were found the staff and shoes of the Brother now seized with such a strange infirmity.

Soothly [the narrative continues] all the brethren came together into the chapter-house greatly astonished upon these things that befell; and, avisement taken, all that were there with great contrition of heart took disciplines of rods and lying prostrate in the church saiden weepingly the vii psalms of penance for to get our Lord's mercy.

Truly this sick Brother all that day, which was Good Friday, with the night following and the next day after, almost till the sunset, continued in one state. Also the brethren with strength of hands¹ (by main force) opened his mouth and cast into it justys (broths) of divers spices and

¹ It is curious to note how this thoroughly English idiom should have disappeared from the language since the fifteenth century, and have been replaced by two French words of identical import.

herbs for his relieving. But anon after, there ran out again whatsoever was put into his mouth as though his throat had been stopped. Emplasters also to his breast and arms they bound, but all was vain. They pricked with needles and scraped the soles of his feet, but nothing might be perceived in him of a living man, save a little redness of cheeks and a little warmth of body. The colour of his face often-times was changed to ashes, and again marvellously the colour of his face was renewed and well showed. Also they made a great horn to be blown there, but nothing it booteth.

I cannot go on to describe in detail how with the ringing of the bells on Easter Eve—it must be remembered, that at that epoch the Holy Saturday service still took place in the evening—the young monk awoke from his trance and was restored at the same time to health and soundness of body. It was not perhaps wonderful that his brethren should see something supernatural about the state of coma in which he had lain so long, though probably modern scientific critics would regard it only as a phase of the nervous malady from which he was presumably suffering. However, students of science will find it less easy to account for the healing which the same scrupulous and truthful witness avers to have taken place during the trance.

And beside all these things, we know also another certain thing that was a full fair miracle, and a very token of God's curation showed on him the same time, and as much to be marvelled. Soothly he had almost the space of a whole year in his left leg a great sore, and a full bitter, as it were a cancer large and broad, whereby he was pained intolerably. And he was wont to say that he had such a sorrow and pain thereof, as he had borne a hot plate of iron bound fast to his leg. And there was no plaster, no ointment, neither any other medicine, howbeit that he had much leechcraft laid to it, that might ease him of his pain or draw the wound together. Truly in the space of his ravishing he was so fully healed that he himself marvelled with us to feel and see the pain and ache with the wound so clean gone, that no token of it nor sign of redness or of whiteness remained, above the marvellous curation of God. Alonely this difference had his leg that was sore from the other leg, that where the aforesaid sore was, that place was bare and had none hair.

It is with regret that I pass over many points in the story just told, which seem to demand further elucidation. The bleeding of the crucifix, the proximity to it of the sick man's staff and shoes, the prostration in the choir before the Abbot's seat, had all their place in the narrative which the monk told

slowly and reluctantly to his confessors and to the sub-prior Adam, when he came fully to himself. These incidents however only form part of the introduction to the vision proper, in which under the guidance of St. Nicholas the young monk was gratified in his long cherished desire of visiting those realms of suffering in the next life, in which souls are purified for the vision of God.

There is not perhaps very much in this vision of Purgatory which is very striking or novel. The descriptions follow closely the lines of other similar revelations, and the character of the punishments endured and the sins for which they are stated to have been inflicted are all very much what we might expect. There are, however, some peculiarities to which I may just refer without going into detail.

First, it is curious that many of the more grievous sinners whom the monk sees in this place of torment, are said to be ignorant whether their punishment would ever have an end. In other words, it has not been made known to them whether their final lot will be with the lost souls in Hell or with the blessed in Heaven. They are represented as full of fear that they will be eternally reprobate, because their torment increases ever as time goes on instead of growing less.

Again, the punishment of these and other souls is represented as being augmented with the evil consequences of their acts. As the children or subjects whom they have neglected to reprove or whom they have scandalized by their evil example, go from bad to worse, adding sin to sin, the pains of those in Purgatory who are indirectly responsible for their acts grow constantly heavier.

A third very curious feature is the assertion that the foul and bestial acts which have stained their lives on earth, are still continued in Purgatory, where the soul loathes and abhors them, thereby bringing upon these souls infinite shame and confusion in the sight of all their fellows.

The most striking characteristic of the Revelation, however, and one in which the Eynsham monk anticipates the *Divina Commedia*, is the introduction of many detailed descriptions of the lot in the next world of those recently dead. Although they are not mentioned by name, several may be recognized beyond the possibility of doubt, and many who are now unknown to us would have been easily identified by contemporaries. These personal details, some of them relating to distinguished characters in history, are of greatest possible

interest, and consequently the summaries of the Revelation given by Wendover and Matthew Paris, in which only the generalities are preserved and the descriptions of individual souls omitted, fail to give any idea of the graphic force of the original. Let me choose for the purpose of illustration the account given of one or two distinguished people with whom St. Hugh had been specially intimate, and first of all that of the late King Henry II., who at the date of the vision had been dead seven years.

OF A CERTAIN KING OF ENGLAND.

But what shall I say of a certain Prince and sometime King of England that I saw, the which in his life was full mighty among all the princes of this world. . . . Who is it that may conceive in mind what great pains all his body and limbs were smitten with? He sat upon an horse that blew out of her mouth and nose a flame black as pitch, mingled with a smoke and stench of Hell, unto the grievous torment of him that was sat above—the which was armed at all pieces as he should have gone to battle. Truly the armour that he wore, was to him intolerable pain for they were as bright burning iron is, when it is beaten with hammers and smiteth out fiery sparkles, by the which he was withinwards all to burnt, and withoutwards the same armour burnt in full great heat, and laded him that wore it with full sore burden. . . . Thus cruelly was he punished for the unrightful shedding of men's blood and for the foul sin of adultery which he used. In these two things he deadly offended often-times; and those cruel tormentors, wicked fiends, full greatly with derisions and scorns upbraided him because he would be avenged on men that slew his venery as hart and hind, buck and doe, and such other, the which by the law of nature ought to be slain to every man, and therefore some of them he put to death or else cruelly would maim them: and for all this he did never but little penance as long as he lived. Also full miserably he complained that neither his sons, neither his friends the which he left alive and to whom he had got much temporal goods, did or showed for him anything after his death for his help and relieving. Nothing, he said, my sons and friends have done for me in these pains. . . . Truly I saw him somewhat eased and relieved of his pains only by the prayers of religious men to whom in his life for God he was full benevolent often-times,¹ and thereby I understood specially that he hoped to be saved. Furthermore, besides all these things above said, full grievously he

¹ This is a point upon which even so distinguished a historian as Bishop Stubbs, misled apparently by the malicious gossip of Giraldus Cambrensis and Ralph Niger, has been singularly unjust to Henry. (See Preface to Benedict, vol. ii. p. xxx.) Whatever other faults he may have been guilty of, Henry was not niggardly in his benefactions to religious houses. For the proof of it let the reader study closely the pages of the *Magui Rotuli Scaccarii Normannia*, edited by Stapleton.

sorrowed and was pained, for because he oppressed divers times the people with undue taxes.

Very interesting, again, is the account given of Reginald Fitz Jocelyn, Bishop of Bath, readily identified as "a certain Bishop four years ago chosen to be an Archbishop, but then hastily prevented by death." He had been Henry II.'s envoy to bring Hugh to England from the Grande Chartreuse, and had always shown himself a true friend to him and the Carthusian Order. Although he was reputed to have worked miracles after his death, and "tamed well his flesh in life with a sharp hair-shirt and other divers penances," the monk assures us that he was still in Purgatory. None the less he was a good Bishop, and deserved the distich written upon him by Richard of Devizes, which has been thus Englished :

Reginald rightly named, himself and his flock ruled well ;
How ? What he taught he did ; there is no more to tell.¹

Then we have a sad description of the sufferings of Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, in spite of his "meek conversation" and life of penance as a Cistercian monk, on his elevation to an archbishopric—"Alas for sorrow ! the more he grew in the sight of the people, so much he fell and decreased in the sight of God." We may also recognize, I think, amongst other sufferers, Richard Palmer, an Englishman, who became Archbishop of Messina, and died in 1195, and Joscelin de Bailul, Bishop of Salisbury, who resigned his bishopric and became a monk a few months before his death, in 1184. In the account of all these, and of many more of lesser note, the one great moral lesson which the Revelation seems to teach is to warn those who have entered the service of God of the terrible chastisements which await the moral corruption and venality of the clergy, thus bringing into prominence abuses which are only too clearly made manifest to us in the records of the time. It is a strong argument for the identity of the monk of Eynsham with the cleric who beheld the Infant Saviour in St. Hugh's hands, that each was charged with a heavenly message which had reference to the same great reformation of morals.

Let me end this sketch upon a more pleasing chord, and quote the bright dream which seems to have been suggested to

¹ See a biographical sketch of him in *Archæologia*, vol. I. The Latin runs :

Ut Reginaldus erat, bene seque suosque regebat —
Nemo plus quærat — quidquid docuit faciebat.

the spirit of the entranced Religious by the sound of the Easter bells on that Holy Saturday evening. It was thus his vision came to an end :

And while the holy Confessor St. Nicholas this wise spake yet with me, suddenly I heard there a solemn peal, and a ringing of a marvellous sweetness, and as all the bells in the world or what soever is of sounding had been rung together at once. Truly in this peal and ringing brake out also a marvellous sweetness, and a variant mingling of melody sounded withal. And I wot not whether the greatness of melody or the sweetness of sounding of bells was more to be wondered. And to so great a noise I took good heed and full greatly my mind was suspended to hear it. In sooth anon as that great and marvellous sounding and noise was ceased, suddenly I saw myself departed from the sweet fellowship of my duke and leader St. Nicholas. Then was I returned to myself again, and anon I heard the voices of my brethren, that stood about our bed, also my bodily strength came again to me a little and a little, and mine eyes opened to the use of seeing as they saw right well. Also my sickness and feebleness by the which I was long time full sore diseased, was outwardly excluded and gone from me, and I sat up before you so strong and mighty, as I was before by it sorrowful and heavy.

H. THURSTON.

Roman Congregations.

II.

BESIDES the Tribunal of the Sacred Rota, of which we have spoken, there exists in the Roman Curia another tribunal, which is called the Tribunal of the Signature of Justice. It is a higher court, and a tribunal of last instance, or ultimate appeal. It was instituted for the purpose of watching over the due administration of justice, and the right interpretation of law, rather than for the settlement of particular questions of combined *fact* and *law*. In the scope of it, it resembles those tribunals which are called supreme tribunals of cassation.

There is in France a court which is called the Court of Cassation. It belongs to this court to quash the judgments of all lower courts, on cause shown within a given time. In this sense it may be regarded as the highest and final court of appeal. Inasmuch, however, as all matter is excluded from consideration by this court, beyond the simple question as to whether the law has been rightly interpreted, and duly applied, by the lower tribunal, the idea of a Court of Cassation is less that of an ordinary court than of a department of Government, established to watch over and secure due administration of justice. The demand for cassation may be made either by the parties to the suit, in their own interest, or by the Procurator-General of the Court of Cassation itself, in the general interest of the public, and for the common good. Appeal to this court does not involve stay of execution. Its function is strictly confined to either quashing or sustaining the judgment of the lower court appealed against.

The Roman Court of the Signature of Justice judges of the validity of judicial acts if these should have been impeached, and alleged to labour under some defect; and of the force of sentences in case of dispute with regard to the rightness of the interpretation which had been given to law. It has power also in cases of conflict between judges, or between a judge and a litigant, as regards the competence of the lower court, as well

as in cases of suspicion attaching to a judge, or his refusal to grant rights demanded at his hands. This tribunal has its name of the Signature from the fact that the Pontiff *signs* its decisions. Since it acts directly in the name of the Pope, and in virtue of his supreme power as Prince over all judges, and gives judgment in doubtful cases which exceed the ordinary powers of judges, it is fitting that its decrees should be signed by the Pontiff with his own hand.

The President of the Tribunal of the Signature is a Cardinal. The judges are prelates, who have a deliberative vote. They are called *Votants* of the Signature. Besides these judges, there are other members of the court, who assist in the capacity of Auditors in the transaction of causes. These are called *Referendaries* of the Signature. Although the Signature of Justice is a supreme tribunal, and is constituted in the highest grade of tribunals, yet the Sacred Congregations are not subject to it for revision of their decrees. They were expressly exempted from its supervision by Gregory XVI.

We may remark in passing, that in Scotland the warrants which were sealed with the signet of the King were anciently called "signatures." At the present day, the principal class of solicitors in Edinburgh bears the name of *Writers to the Signet*. It is derived from their having originally been clerks to the King's Secretary. To them it belongs to prepare warrants for charters or grants under either the Great Seal or the Privy Seal. Not only writers and solicitors, but advocates, agents, procurators, and notaries, to say nothing of the Procurator Fiscal, are names as familiar in the Scottish courts as are the same names in the courts of the Roman Curia.

As it were from out the side of the Tribunal of the Signature of Justice came forth the Signature of Grace. This is not properly a *tribunal*. It is a consultative college, or collegiate body, which concerns itself with graces, or favours, asked for from the Pontiff in some judicial matter. Sometimes, for instance, there is asked sanation of judicial acts, or prorogation of a peremptory or definitely fixed period of time for action, which has already elapsed, or the quashing of a sentence, even if it is in law entirely valid. It is a congregation which the Pope himself holds in his palace, by way of a consistory on a small scale, for the discussion of petitions which have been made to him.

These courts were, in ancient times, the principal means which the Pontiffs employed in the settlement of such judicial matters as could not well be transacted in full Consistory of the Cardinals. As Consistories took the place of the Roman Councils, as means employed by the Popes in their government of the Universal Church, so were the Consistories succeeded by the Roman Congregations, as we shall see later on with some fulness of detail. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the authority and power of the imperial government which of its nature belongs, and has always belonged, to the Primacy of the Pontiff, had unfolded and greatly expanded itself in practice, the burden of administrative business became so heavy that the need was felt of instituting certain collegiate bodies of Cardinals for the purpose of expediting particular branches of business by means of a fixed and permanent official staff. Similar bodies of Cardinals had already been instituted before the days of Sixtus V., but this Pontiff has the credit of being the principal author of the Sacred Congregations. It is at any rate true in the sense that he instituted several new Congregations, and gave form to others already in existence. Later Pontiffs, and especially Benedict XIV., have shown their prudence in contributing towards the increase of the authority of these Congregations, in accordance with the ends for which they exist.

Two things are required to constitute a Sacred Roman Congregation. It must, in the first place, be ordained directly and in itself for *administrative* business. It must, in the second place, be composed of several Cardinals, united in one collegiate body, and furnished with administrative authority. A Congregation may be defined as being a College constituted of several Cardinals, along with other men of eminence, for taking charge of, discussing, and settling matters which belong to certain particular branches of business.

Judicial power cannot always, as we have already seen, be entirely separated from *administrative* power, and so some exercise of judicial power may sometimes be necessary in exercise even of administrative power. This is not to be wondered at. It is to be expected, since both *administrative* power, and properly *judicial* power, are species of *executive* power. Hence it is that we have guarded ourselves by saying that Roman Congregations are instituted *directly*, and so far as they are themselves concerned, for administrative business.

They are not properly *tribunals*, as are the Sacred Rota, and the Signature of Justice. Their function is primarily administrative.

The first step taken by the Pontiffs in the direction of Sacred Congregations was in the institution of the tribunal of the Holy Office, or Supreme and Universal Inquisition. It was established at Rome, and entrusted to the Cardinals by Paul III., and confirmed, with pre-eminence among other Congregations, by Sixtus V.

There had already, in the days of Innocent III., during the time of the Albigensian heresy, and chiefly at the exhortation of St. Dominic, been constituted certain local tribunals of the Holy Office. In these the Friars Preachers and the Franciscans investigated cases of alleged heretical depravity, and endeavoured to suppress heretics by means of ecclesiastical censures and penalties. The Master of the Sacred Palace at Rome, chosen from among the sons of St. Dominic, fulfilled this function. At the time, however, of the Lutheran heresy, in 1542, there was erected the Congregation of the Holy Office, or Supreme and Universal Roman Inquisition; that is to say, the *College of the Fathers* of the Holy Office was, by the selection and deputation of Cardinals to compose it, raised to a position of greater dignity, and invested with more ample authority.

This was the commencement of the system of delegation in perpetuity to Cardinals, for the conduct of matters which concern universal government in the Universal Church.

The scope of the Congregation of the Holy Office gives a key to the nature and origin of Congregations, as these are in their erection distinct from Tribunals. Primarily, the Roman Congregations are not intended to concern themselves with controversies between private individuals, but with providing for the common good, safeguarding and defending ecclesiastical discipline, and assisting in the government of the Universal Church. Secondly, however, it belongs to the Congregations to settle controversies which arise in the course of their general function, and this with observance of judicial order; that is, with judicial inquiry, if such inquiry should be expedient to prevent interference with vested rights, or to avoid unlawful damage to the rights of private individuals under colour of public good, or pretext of the better safeguarding of ecclesiastical discipline.

Since the Sacred Congregations were, of the very nature of their institution, intended more especially and more directly for

the establishment and preservation of ecclesiastical discipline, or for the government of the Church, than for administration of justice in contested cases such as come before a judge, we may observe the effect of such Congregations on the convoking of Particular Councils or Synods. It was effected by means of Congregations, says Benedict XIV., that no damage was done to discipline through the omission of ecclesiastical Synods in the City of Rome; since whatever had been done with more of difficulty and more slowly by a Synod for the moral reformation of the people and of the clergy, was now done with greater ease, and more quickly, by the Supreme Pontiff, through the Congregations of Cardinals.

We may even say that a reason why the Diocesan Synod, in the old sense of a Synod, is becoming daily more and more in desuetude in all churches throughout the world, is because the Roman Congregations are more convenient in meeting the needs for the supply of which in ancient times a local Synod made provision. Without detracting from the force of this reason, it is, however, to be observed that the Roman Congregations cannot possibly keep watch over diocesan discipline in dioceses from which they are far distant, and in this matter, moreover, the Bishops are by birthright judges and pastors.

Aggrieved persons are sometimes prevented by poverty from carrying their suits to judicial tribunals, and conducting them with all the forms of legal process. In that case, and especially when the question at issue is restricted solely to a point of law, it is competent for them, by mutual consent, to have recourse to the Roman Congregations. Outside these cases, however, and if one of the parties should object, the Congregations do not take up contested cases which require formal process, with leading of proof on either side. Such cases fall to be decided by the ordinary judges. It is, therefore, not in accordance with the native origin, and it is alien to the innate character of the Sacred Congregations to give themselves, as it were, of set purpose to such cases. They were expressly forbidden, by Innocent XII., to undertake cases which have to be conducted with the clamour of a court. He decreed that such cases were to be left to the ordinary tribunals.

The Tribunal of the Sacred Rota has the first place, and makes the greatest figure, among the tribunals of the Roman Curia. Its resolutions have the name of *Decisions*. They supply a model, or normal form, in the method of judging. To

the Congregations of Cardinals, and to the Signature of Justice, and the Signature of Grace, the name of *Judge* does not properly belong. Hence it is from study of the origin, the status, and the styles of procedure of the Rota, that we get a true and general idea of what is meant by a *Judge*. A judge is one whose duty it is, with his powers to judge restrained within the limits of commutative justice—that is, of justice as between man and man—and of the laws, to thoroughly acquaint himself with, and to decide the causes brought before him. A very different idea in the investigation and decision of cases is that which belongs to the Sacred Congregations, and to the two Courts of Signature respectively. These courts act in place of the Pontiff as the Pontiff is supreme Prince in the commonwealth or society of the Universal Church. They have power occasionally, in accordance with the nature of the cases which come before them, to go outside the strict limits of pure law, and proceed in accordance with prudential rules, or laws of prudence, so as to put an end to the dispute, or to temper it with some opportune moderation. They resemble therefore what we call Courts of Equity, as these are distinguished from Courts of Common Law. No system of positive law is capable of providing a rule which is adequate in every case. Even the best of laws may result in injustice being done, if they are interpreted with rigorous adherence to the letter of the law. Equity supplies the moral justice of which laws, in their literal construction, may be but an imperfect expression. Equity is a life-giving form, of which laws are, as it were, the matter. Courts of Equity do not, however, exercise an arbitrary discretion. They proceed on principles. They existed under the old Roman commonwealth. To the Prætors there belonged the *nobile officium* of deciding in accordance with equity. In course of time a system of equity was gradually developed, and ultimately, in the reign of Hadrian, the edicts of the Prætors were reduced to one code. This was called the Perpetual Edict. In England the Court of Chancery has long since supplemented the Common Law; and the rules of equity have been reduced to a system. In this system equity follows the law, by applying existing rules of law in the spirit of justice. Equity assumes that to have been done which ought to have been done; and looks to the substance and spirit of the law, rather than to the form or letter of the law. Law and equity are administered concurrently, and, when they seem to be in conflict, the rules

of equity prevail. In Scotland, the *nobile officium* of the Roman Prætor is exercised by the Court of Session.

Some study of the Roman Congregations from their first beginning is necessary if we are to have a clear idea of how far, and in what, they have undergone alteration from their primitive institution. In process of time, and by reason both of the eminence of the Cardinalitial dignity, the esteem in which it was held, and the acknowledged prudence of the Cardinals engaged, and on account of the natural connection of points of *law*, pure and simple, with particular questions of *law* and *fact*, and also because an expeditious or summary method of terminating lawsuits finds general favour with litigants, there gradually grew up a great and ever greater mass of contested cases that were brought before the Congregations for discussion and settlement. Hence it was that at the beginning of the present century special rules of procedure were drawn up for the conduct of contested cases when they came before the Congregations. When afterwards the Holy See was robbed by revolution of its Civil Princedom, tribunals which had been established entirely for civil causes were thrown out of their own proper work, and the authority which belonged to them became practically obsolete for want of civil business. It was, moreover, and for this reason, no longer exercised in the ecclesiastical causes on which they had formerly sat as judges. On account of this a mass of business was brought before the Congregations, and these had then to occupy themselves with contested cases, which had hitherto been discussed and defined with all the rigorous forms of law in the proper *tribunals* of the Curia. Leo XIII., on his accession to the throne, seeing so many prelates thrown out of work, and those men learned in the law, and prudent in counsel, who had previously been engaged in the functions of the tribunals, thought fit to employ them for the general welfare of the Universal Church. He therefore gave orders, through the Secretary of State, that they should be annexed to the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, the Congregation of the Council (instituted for interpretation of the decrees of the Council of Trent), and the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith. To these prelates, as a collegiate body, was assigned the duty of examining and discussing causes, and of then giving a *consultative* vote with regard to them before they were discussed and defined in a general assembly of

Cardinals. These consultative colleges were after a time, however, released from this function.

Special regard has been had in these arrangements to the tribunal of the Sacred Rota. This tribunal, as it is a perfectly constituted *judicial* college, has been annexed to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, so that, as a collegiate body, it should by a *deliberative* vote decide questions with regard to the juridical value of processes in the beatification and canonization of saints. To the same tribunal of the Sacred Rota it has been also granted that it should, with observance of due order of law, determine questions in contested cases between ecclesiastical persons with regard to pre-eminence or precedence, and other rights. It has this power when these cases belong to the competence of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and when the Prefect of that Congregation thinks fit to remit them to the Rota.

We have already noticed the division of offices in the Roman Curia, which distinguishes the Curia of Grace from the Curia of Justice; and we have seen also the two senses, the wide sense and the strict sense, in which the term *Curia* may be understood. Taken in the wide sense, the Curia comprehends all persons who are in the immediate or collateral service of the Roman Pontiff in any office whatsoever, whether political, or ecclesiastical, or domestic in the Pontifical family or household. Taken in the strict and proper or legal sense, the Curia comprehends all those persons and those only who have place and share in some collegiate body, constituted for the regulation and government either of that particular and local Church which is the diocese of Rome, and the Mother and Mistress of all Churches of the world, or of the Universal Church throughout the world which, as subject to the Bishop of Rome, who is Supreme Pontiff, is Catholic and Roman. In this strict sense, the Roman Curia comprehends all the Roman tribunals, properly so called; that is to say, those tribunals which have been constituted solely for *judicial* administration of justice. It comprehends also the Roman Congregations, and all other offices which are in themselves properly *executive*, and exist for this end that they may execute the Rescripts and Decrees of the Supreme Pontiff, and that with prescribed solemnities. To this class belong the offices of the Secretariate of State—the Secretariate of Briefs—and the Secretariate of Memorials. In these offices there is not exercised any *judicial* power, even secondarily

and incidentally, as between contending parties. They have to do solely with the execution of graces, or gratuitous favours.

There are also other offices of the Roman Curia which do not, so far as they are themselves concerned, exercise jurisdiction over litigants ; and whose jurisdiction in itself extends to those only who of their own free-will submit themselves thereto, or avail themselves thereof for the reception of favours which these offices have it in their power to grant. Such are the *Cancellaria*, the *Dataria*, and the *Penitentiaria*. The latter deals in the internal forum, or court of conscience, and solely with those who resort to it. It may, however, happen in the case both of the *Cancellaria*, and of the *Dataria*, that in the exercise of their function of granting favours, controversies should sometimes incidentally arise with regard to individual rights as between the parties who are favoured, or who seek for favours.

Although the *Cancellaria*, the *Dataria*, and the *Penitentiaria* are comprehended in the Roman Curia, they are nevertheless not reckoned among Roman Congregations. For this there are two reasons. In the first place, these offices do not consist of several Cardinals, and so do not satisfy the notion and definition of a Roman Congregation which we have given. In the second place, these offices were already in existence long before the days of Sixtus V., who, as we have seen, is recognized as the principal author of the Roman Congregations. The *Dataria* and the *Cancellaria* have existed, either in union or as distinct offices, from the time when the Pontiffs reserved to themselves the granting of certain benefices and dispensations. The *Penitentiaria* also began to act in the court of conscience throughout the world by absolving in cases of sins reserved to the Pope, and by the granting of other gratuitous favours, long before Sixtus V. In neither of those three offices is there a collegiate body of Cardinals who are judges. They have only a certain appearance of a Sacred Congregation in this, that many of their officials are under the rule and prefecture of a Cardinal. It is true that they are commonly and colloquially called *Congregations*, but they are not Roman Congregations in the proper and legal sense of the term.

From the very nature and scope of Sacred Congregations, it is manifest that there is not, and there cannot be, any fixed and determinate number of Congregations. The Pontiff can at any time add to or diminish the existing number. This he will do in accordance with the amount and nature of ecclesiastical business which requires transaction. Leo XIII., as lately as

1895, established a special and stable council or commission, and assigned to it as its charge and function the work of fostering the reconciliation of non-Catholics with the Church. It was to consist of certain Cardinals nominated by the Pope, over whom he was himself to preside, and who were to hold their assemblies in his presence. Among the eight whom he first named we find Cardinal Vaughan, the Latin form of whose Christian name, we may observe, is given in the Papal document as Heribertus, while in another it is spelled Erbertus. As is usual in the councils of the City, there is to be a fitting number of consultors, who are also to be designated by the Pontiff; and delegates are to be chosen and sent to it by the Catholic Patriarchs of the East.

Congregations which have existed for a great length of time, or which have been established in perpetuity, are called *ordinary* Congregations. They severally exist in virtue of a perpetual mandate from the Pontiff, along with power bestowed on them for the transaction of a special branch of business. Others are called *extraordinary* Congregations, and they expire when the business which gave occasion to their existence is ended. The ordinary Congregations are offices which are stable in virtue of *common law*. Hence the authority of the Cardinals who compose them is an *ordinary* authority, that is to say, it is not delegated to them individually, but is attached by law to the office on which they enter. Their faculties, therefore, are perpetual, and do not expire with the Pontiff, but survive him, and persevere in all their fulness under his successor, unless they should be expressly abrogated. This belongs to that jurisdiction which is called *ordinary*, or official, and which depends on stable law, and not on individual superiors who as men are mortal and pass away. Hence on the creation of a new Pontiff the faculties of the Roman Congregations are not renewed. They would have to be renewed if they had become extinct, since jurisdiction once extinct does not revive, even if the cause of the extinction of it has ceased to exist.

The practical utility of the Roman Congregations is testified to by daily experience. Ecclesiastical jurisprudence is built up by means of them, as civil jurisprudence was built up by means of the Prætors in the old Roman commonwealth. Even strangers to the Catholic religion, such as Leibnitz, have recognized with veneration the value of the decisions of the Roman Congregations.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

A Royal Burgh.

IN all romantic, historic Northumberland, there is probably no spot richer in natural beauty, or in tradition—barbaric and mediæval,—than royal and lordly Bamburgh. Of a stern and rugged order its beauty may be ; but it is wholly characteristic of its people and its story, and in that alone surely lies one of the first principles of true beauty. The cradle of Northumbria, the home of saints and kings, the battle-ground of races, among all the ancient fortresses or “holds” of the warlike border county, it still preserves its prestige and glory.

The foundation of the city in the sixth century by Ida, the Flamebearer of terrible memory, has become part of tradition. How he, with his father Eoppa, sailed from over the grey northern sea with their fleet of forty *chiules*, and landed at Flamborough. How he gathered the clans of the north into one strong people, and founded the kingdom of Bernicia, which he ruled with a grip of iron. How he “timbered Dingwaroy,” previously only a mighty rock fortress “that was erst with hedge betyned and thereafter with wall.” How he planted his throne on its basaltic ramparts, and made it the seat of a powerful line of English Kings. All this is, as it were, a tale that is told. And even its second state of being, under the Bretwaldas, when Ida's grandson Ethelfrith—compared by the Venerable Bede to a ravening wolf—made gift of it to his Queen Bebb, in whose honour it was re-named Bebbanburh, belongs to an age too remote to appeal with much force to our narrow capacities. Distance, either of time or space, seems alike fatal to our powers of purely human sympathy.

But the age of the Saints brings it before us in another light. It was to his royal city of Bebbanburh that King Oswald summoned holy Aidan from far-off Iona to instruct his people in the religion of Christ. Here were raised the first Christian altar and church in Northumbria, a little timber erection outside the city, thatched with the same “bent grass” which clothes

the sandy dunes fringing the wild, weather-beaten shore at the present day. And in a small cell at the west end of this little church died, in 651, Aidan, the Saint and first Bishop of Lindisfarne, having survived nearly ten years his murdered friend, King Oswald. They left behind them a rich heritage to their people in the law of charity they had taught and the gracious deeds they had done. All Christendom knows the story of Oswald Fair-hand, how he and the Bishop, being seated at dinner one Easter Day in the banqueting-hall of Bamburgh, were told that the dole was not enough for the poor, and that hungry beggars were still waiting at the Castle gates to be fed. How the King ordered that the meats should be carried from the royal table and distributed among them, and, lest all should not be satisfied, that the silver platters should be broken up and likewise dispensed. Then the Bishop, taking the King's right hand within his own, blessed it and said, "May this hand never perish."

As a sequel to this, an ancient Chronicle¹ tells us that in 774, "on the top of the hill, Bebba has a church of extremely beautiful workmanship, in which is a shrine rich and costly, that contains the right hand of St. Oswald the King, still incorrupt, as is related by Bede, the historian of this nation." For the little primitive wooden church had been ruthlessly swept away by Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, who burnt it and the city of Bamburgh to the ground soon after the death of the two Saints. During their lives it had been a prolonged warring between barbaric force and spiritual power. Whilst the pagan Penda piled wattles, beams, and thatches round the rock-based fortress, and set the mighty bonfire alight to burn down the city, Bishop Aidan, in his hermitage on Farne Island, two miles away, saw the volumes of flame and smoke which rose from around the beleaguered place. "See, Lord, what great evil Penda doeth." And lo, the wind veered round and swept the flames over the Mercian hordes, driving them backward in dismayed confusion, like another host of Sennacherib. Such is the child-like faith of Saints, the faith that helped Israel to prevail over Amalek through the uplifted hands of Moses, and which inspired the cry of the wounded St. Louis whilst the Egyptians were pouring the murderous Greek fire into the Crusaders' camp: "Good Lord God, protect my people."

Many and wild were the vicissitudes which swept over

¹ Quoted in Bateson's *History of Northumberland*.

Bamburgh. Both fire and sword were brought to bear upon its destruction, but still the rock-based city held its own, and St. Cuthbert walked in the holy footsteps of Aidan and filled his bishopric. Why St. Aidan should have chosen Lindisfarne as the seat of his episcopacy is a matter of conjecture. Possibly in those terrible times its insular security was a great recommendation—

For with the flow and ebb its style
Varies from continent to isle ;
Dry-shod, o'er sands twice every day
The pilgrims to the shrine find way.¹

Sea-girt at the flow of every tide, the Holy Island of to-day was the Lindisfarne of those ages. And there in his "ferhern," or place of retreat and rest, first as Prior, then as Bishop, within sight of the royal city, St. Cuthbert, the greatest, except Aidan, of the great northern race of Saints, "lived according to Holy Scripture, uniting together the contemplative and the active life ; and gave (the monks) a rule which he drew up and which they observed together with the Rule of St. Benedict."²

Not until the coming of Athelstan, who sacked it without destroying it, did the sceptre depart from Bamburgh. But its rugged and well-nigh impregnable strength still remained to the belted Earls of Northumberland, whose stronghold the isolated, towering pile, "huge and square," of sandstone and basalt, then became. And when William the Norman worked havoc and ruin in Northumberland, Bamburgh alone, except York and Durham, between the Humber and the Tweed, escaped destruction. The Normans, in preserving it, proved themselves wise in their generation, and when ultimately the great fortress fell into their hands, they spared neither toil nor money in maintaining its primitive might and in making additions wherever defence could be strengthened.

If ancient records may be accepted, architects and builders under the Norman dynasty did not amass to themselves fat fortunes. Such items as "7d. for making the Castle gate, 13s. 4d. for re-building a drawbridge, and £4 for building the tower or keep"—all to be found in the Pipe Rolls of the first and second Henrys—would seem incredible until one learns that the bulk of the material and most of the labour would be supplied at the expense of the Crown tenants. None knew better than those whom it most intimately concerned, how well

¹ *Marmion*.

² *The Monk of Lindisfarne*.

spent was every farthing which went to maintain the gigantic natural fortress which was at once the despair of the Scots and the strength of the English in the eternal border warfares.

Many were the valiant women, too, who played a part in making the mediæval history of Bamburgh. Matilda, the doughty Countess of Northumberland, who held the fortress for months against the siege of Rufus, and only capitulated when the King, into whose power her husband had fallen, threatened as the alternative to put his eyes out before the Castle gates; and Queen Philippa of Hainault, who with her balistas and springals, her bolts and bows, and men-at-arms, not only resisted but repulsed the great chieftain Archibald Douglas, who with his Scottish hordes besieged the fort, are among those whose deeds of high courage have helped to build up the fame of Bamburgh. It was the last stay of the Red Rose in the north and a great stronghold of the ill-fated Queen Margaret of Anjou who—

Stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless,
With tigress heart wrapt in a woman's hide—

nevertheless struggled mortally for the rights of her feeble, faltering consort, from behind Bamburgh's walls. Decayed and crumbling though they were at the time, King Edward's cannonade of great guns, the "Newe-castel," the "London," and the "Dysyon" (Dijon), though their discharge caused the stones of the walls to leap from their place and fly into the sea, were futile when turned against the giant ramparts of Queen Bebbu, which "from the day when some great volcanic convulsion first heaved [them] through the earth's crust," must in their own huge immovable masses have formed a natural fortress capable of defying the biggest of Elswick's big guns.

Very amply have the women of Northumberland maintained Bamburgh's traditions, and very worthily have the footsteps of the warrior-queens been filled in later ages. Dorothy Forster of the eighteenth century, whose daring and devotion have been made famous by Sir Walter Besant, was the one redeeming member of her otherwise worthless generation. How, in 1715—bishop's wife though she was—she rode to London, and by an exchange of clothing with her brother, the "Rebel General," effected his escape from Newgate to France, is proudly recorded of her by the Bamburgh folk of to-day. In their regard her prestige is not even dimmed by the valour

of Grace Darling, the modest heroine of the Farne Islands, who, in her lighthouse home on the outer Longstone some fifty years ago, was awaked in the chill grey dawn of a September morning by agonized cries of men and women *in extremis*. They came from a company of shipwrecked people who were clinging in forlorn desperation to the Harkar rocks, upon which their ship, the *Forfarshire*, had been dashed. Between her and them there rolled a mile of seething water, lashed into tumult by the wind which came in a hurricane from the N.E. It would surely be to court destruction were they to approach the deadly reef of Harkar, with its fringe of foam, flotsam, and curling breakers, in such a boat as theirs. But for Grace there was no question of hesitation; nought but to do and dare. Undismayed and unaffrighted, she urged to persuasion her not too-willing father to the launching of the boat, her mother lending her aid to push it off. And it is hard to say which was the more valiant woman—the daughter through whose heroism nine lives were to be saved, or the mother who sent her child on such an errand, and then went to watch, from the lighthouse tower, the fate of the storm-tossed boat and to pray for those at sea. Such heroism is of a stern, strong nature, and splendidly characteristic of the sea-bred race of the north.

Not always have shipwrecked folk been thus mercifully dealt with on the relentless north-eastern coast, and Grace's valorous deed of mercy may well be regarded as an act of reparation for the plunders of the ancient past, when the common prayer of the Bamburghers was for "a rich harvest"—in other words, much wreckage. Many were the Scottish vessels which fell a prey to their rapacity. In 1472, when the lordly barge of the Bishop of St. Andrews, heavily laden with rich merchandize, came riding over the grey northern waters on her return voyage from Flanders, a tempest drove her ashore. Reckless of the royal Bishop—for he was grandson of Robert IV. of Scotland—those lawless sons of the Church not only plundered his barge with a right good will, but imprisoned the Abbot of St. Colomba whom they found on board, and released him not till eighty pounds of ransom had been paid. Not often did even Northumbria's coast bring such a windfall, and the Bamburghers were no respecters of persons.

Other strange though less profitable things, besides Scottish ships, would seem to have been driven ashore by that same wild Northern Sea, if we may accept an old chronicle, which

tells us that : " At the seaside of Bamburgh there was nae kind of fish ta'en by the space of twa year ; but the sea made ane great routing and horrible noise which was by (beyond) custom and use. So it chancit, at the high spring (tide) that ane terrible beast was casten in dead, of the quantity (size) of ane man. Nae man could devise ane thing mair terrible, with horns on the head of it, red een ; with misshapen face, with lucken (webbed) hands and feet, and ane great rumple hinging to the eird. It consumit and stinket sae, that in a short time nae man nor beast might come near it, but all the country about saw it before, and sundry took fear and dreadour for the sight of it a long space after. It was called the sea-devil. Witness—the Laird of Mow."¹

In this year of grace of '98, Bamburgh has lost none of its ancient beauty and few of its traditions. Its coast scenery—wild, stern, grey, uncompromising—tells its history. Follow the path which winds along the sandy dunes to the north and on your right, you will have the beautiful Harkess rocks lying low between you and the sea. The heat of a July day has driven the cattle down from the links, and now they stand knee-deep in the rock-formed pools, silently and sensuously contemplative. An old weather-beaten hulk has found its death-bed among these rocks and is reminiscent, as it still lies there, of the Viking of old who was wrecked on the near-lying Seal rock, and carried in safety by a mermaid to this reef of Harkess. To your left is Monks' House—all that remains of the thirteenth century Dominican friary, viz., some fragments of the church and a portion of the cloister garth. To the north-west lies Lindisfarne, the seat of St. Aidan's episcopacy and the Shrine of St. Cuthbert, with its old priory church of the twelfth century,

A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,
Placed on the margin of the isle.

In the early evening, you may meet the "bondagers" (farm labourers) taking a short cut home by the shore, and cheery voices salute you with, "Fine even, hinny," whilst clear, blue, Saxon eyes look out from under the great cotton sun-bonnets in evidence that hoeing potatoes and weeding turnips has neither dimmed their brightness nor shadowed their smile.

¹ Chambers, *Domestic Annals of Scotland*—quoted in Bateson's *Northumberland*.

These sturdy bondagers of the border county would lose nothing in comparison with the mill "hands" of Lancashire, either in the matter of health or comeliness.

The fortress Castle sits, as of yore, enthroned along the sea on its isolated rock ramparts, and enclosing within its walls nearly five thousand acres. By a winding road round the steep embankment you may reach the barbican, or main entrance. Or you may climb the steep flight of steps to the sally-port on the north-west. Or again, you may pass through the cleft in the rock, which will lead you to the inner bailey, or central space, in the midst of which is the Norman keep, used in mediæval times for storage and as a last refuge for the garrison. The steam-fiend has not yet desecrated Bamburgh. The village is guiltless of railway, coal-pit, or harbour. And in order to reach the Farne Islands, which are grouped within two or three miles of the coast, and number—according to the ebb and flow of the tide—from fifteen to twenty-five, you must find your way to North Sunderland, a fishing village two miles south of Bamburgh, and there make use of your best persuasive powers to induce some one of the independent fisher-folk, not only to hire to you his "coble," but to carry you in it to the islands. Tact, as well as the "golden key," is needful to obtain this concession. But as you dip and rise among the green-grey rollers, skirting dangerous currents and avoiding rushing channels, tacking here and there amid the many islands, which are fraught with sacred and legendary lore and teeming with bird life, you are well satisfied that the difficulties surmounted have been to good purpose.

The first to be reached is the Inner Farne, or House Island, a very wilderness indeed, where holy Bishop Aidan was led by the Spirit now and again during the time of his earthly warfare for seasons of retreat and rest. Precipitous cliffs, fissured and rent, skirt the south-west sides of the island, where churning waters rise in columns of foam; but to the north the land slopes to the sea, and on the east shore—exposed to the wildest blasts of tempests known on this coast—were the cell and hospitium of St. Cuthbert. Nothing remains except tradition to tell the tale of his strong, ascetic sanctity. But the austere, invincible rocks are finely symbolic of the life they witnessed, and the rude voice of the sea grows civil in the little cove where you land to say a prayer in the fourteenth century chapel dedicated to his great name.

A channel of strong currents rushes between the Inner Farne and the Wedums, a group of islets colonized by rabbits and rats, and where "the demons are supposed to reside who were compelled by St. Cuthbert to quit his island. The brethren, when enjoying their rest after labour, have seen them on a sudden, clad in cowls and riding upon goats, black in complexion, short in stature, their countenances most hideous, their heads long, the appearance of the whole troop horrible. Like soldiers, they brandished their hand-lances which they darted after the fashion of war. At first, the sight of the Cross was sufficient to repel their attacks, but the only protection in the end was a circumvallation of straws signed with the cross and fixed in the sand, around which the devils galloped for a while, and then retired, leaving the brethren to enjoy their victory and their repose."¹

Neither the rats nor the demons, however, have any terrors for the eider ducks—St. Cuthbert's ducks they are called—for they duly arrive with each month of May—the male bird in his plumage of white and black, and his mate in a fine dress of rusty red—to pass the breeding season on the Wedums.

On the rocks of Megstone, solemn, silent cormorants stood on guard over their pyramidal nests of seaweed, and as we sailed to windward of them, the tainted breeze brought unmistakable evidence of their unsavoury presence.

Whilst the uncanny vagaries of the demons were still picturing themselves in our minds and stirring our hair, we were startled by what seemed like the baying of hounds, a strange sound to hear in mid-ocean, and inexplicable till our silent boatman pointed westward to the jutting rocks of Crumstone where, revelling in the joys of a sun bath, were stretched lazily a colony of monster seals. The monarch of the herd would measure nine feet and probably weighed, the boatman said, thirty stone or more. The greater seal have made the isle of Crumstone their own. Neither land plants nor birds can find home on its basaltic stretches. In November the calves are born, and a fortnight later the hardy babies are able to follow their dams into the sea.

But the strangest and most singular sight in the region of Farne is Stapel Island, the home of birds in their millions. As your coble glides within a quarter of a mile or so of the rocky landing-place, the bird voices begin to be raised in

¹ Life of St. Bartholomew. (Raines' *History of North Durham*.)

protest, and the air is filled with white and grey, winged, angry, apprehensive, feathered creatures, wheeling, hovering, dipping, and diving. The herring gulls are the noisiest and most discordant, but the kittiwakes and puffins are equally alert and on the defensive, and contingents of rock pipits, sea pies, ring plovers, swallows, auks, and tern, swell the multitude and increase the irrational clamour. Once ashore, bewildered though you be by the cloud of flapping wings and menacing cries which pursue you, you must use your eyes before your feet and "pick your steps" among the nests. Those of the puffins that burrow under the coarse turf to lay their solitary egg are hard to foresee, and only when you come down with a jerk and a twist of the ankle, are you aware that you have crushed the hopes of an expectant bird mother. The destruction of embryo gulls is more easily provided against because the nests are as obvious and almost as plentiful as buttercups in a June meadow. Kittiwake makes her home out of all human harm's way among the clefts, and on the little shelving sloping ledges, on the otherwise sheer sides of the great pinnacles of basalt which have been fissured and torn asunder from the main island. On the flat summits of these pinnacles there are to be found, from May to August, a congregation of guillemots packed together so closely that when a paterfamilias, with a dainty meal in the form of a sand eel or herring sprat in his beak, lights on the backs of the others and wedges himself by degrees into the midst of the throng, it often happens that an "outsider"—probably among the weakest—is pushed over the ledge. Happily, the egg is so formed—very broad at one end and pointed at the other—that it does not easily roll; one of the countless instances where nature's provisions are conspicuously adapted to its own ends and circumstances. If it were otherwise, the race of guillemots would multiply but slowly. Each mother sits on one egg only, and in early August days when the young are fully fledged they make their exodus. Directly they vacate the pinnacles the gulls re-establish themselves there, to remain till the following May brings the return of the guillemots, whose claim to possession they never dispute.

It is a very wonderland and phantasy of birds. Had but the lines of St. Francis and that other bird-lover Vogelweid the minnesinger, fallen in these northern wilds, what pleasant places they might have found them, and what a rich harvest for their ministrations. How the saintly traditions of the islands would

have repeated themselves, whilst Francis held his mission and preached to "his brothers and sisters the birds." The poet's task of caring for their fluffy little bodies would have been no light one. The daily loaves and fishes needful for *this* bird realm, would be on a vaster scale than the noontide meal of those beloved "minstrels," that he catered for so well in past ages and sunnier lands. Theirs would have been a more congenial presence than ours. Distressful cries and anxious wing-fluttering followed us to the water's edge, and we were fully conscious as our boat pushed off from the rocks, that our farewell left the feathered folk with quieter minds. The note of alarmed apprehension had subsided to a chuckle of relief, and, with fears already forgotten, they sped the parting guest with more contentment than they had welcomed him.

SARA H. DUNN.

By the Grey Sea.

CHAPTER I.

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.—*Tennyson.*

“AT last!”

Duncan Rodney murmured these words to himself as he stood with an open letter in his hand in the little garden attached to his lodgings in the quiet village of what I will call Beston, in Sussex. It was easy to see by his face that tidings of moment had come to him, and that these tidings were good.

Mr. Rodney was a clergyman of the Established Church, and at the time my tale opens was about twenty-nine years of age. He was a broad, muscular fellow, with dark hair and hazel eyes, and a smile which, though rare—for Duncan was a grave man—was nevertheless singularly sweet when it came. He stood there in the warm sunshine of the June morn, with the perfume of flowers filling all the air, holding the letter in his hand, knowing, as he did so, that the news contained in it meant the fulfilment of his manhood's dream. His heart was full. Doubtless it was for some wise purpose that he had been kept waiting these last three weary years. He was sure of that, for Duncan, with that strange inconsistency we often notice amongst some members of the Broad Church party, did not doubt, that every affair of daily life was overruled by the All-Wise, while teaching at the same moment that so trivial a thing as a man's creed must be a matter of almost indifference to Him!

During those years, of which I write, he had been very impatient—yes, he acknowledged it—indeed, he had never denied it, when Laura had taxed him with it. His Laura! She would be his wife now! Such a thing seemed to him too good to be true. He must go to her, and tell her the good news, and get her to name the day. How often during the past he had despaired! And she—she had ever been calm and hopeful, telling him always that the delay was for some purpose.

How beautiful she was—this girl of his—with her soft dark hair and lustrous eyes. And she was going to belong to him, to be his very own. And as Duncan thought this he lifted his hat, and looked up into the blue expanse above him. I think he was giving thanks where thanks were due—doing it truly too, from the depths of his warm, manly heart. A writer of note has said somewhere, "How good is success for a good man." I think that it is true, reader—nay, I am *sure* of it.

It may be well that I should here say a few words relating to the young clergyman whom I have left standing in the garden attached to his cottage at Beston. Duncan Rodney was the son of a medical man who had practised successfully in Bath for many years. Before he was twelve, the boy had had the misfortune to lose his mother. She had been a very loving, tender woman, and the husband's desolation was so great at her death, that the lad had been roused from his own grief by his anxiety to awaken his father from the stupor into which he had fallen. For a long while little Duncan had a hard task, but gradually the boy's devotion made way, and the doctor once more regained a certain interest in the affairs of life. For some years things went well with father and son, until, just after Duncan had left Oxford, a terrible banking failure carried away the whole of the doctor's savings. The latter was seventy years of age. It was too late to begin the world again. Then a stroke of paralysis came, and in a day or two all was over, and the old man was at rest.

After the sad rite in the churchyard at Bath, Duncan went back to the neighbourhood of Oxford, to stay with the Rev. Dr. Price, whose pupil he may be said to have been—that is, he had sat at the reverend gentleman's feet, and adopted his views. Duncan had been brought up, as I have said, at Bath, which then was a centre of Evangelical activity. There he had attended an ugly church, where ritual had been reduced to a minimum, and where something very closely resembling Calvinism was every Sunday preached by the Vicar, in a black gown and a gigantic pair of bands. Youth does not trouble itself very much about doctrine, and the names "High" and "Low Church" were scarcely known by Duncan when he entered on his University career. But no sooner was he settled in his rooms at College, and had become acquainted with those to whom he had brought introductions, than he speedily began to understand something of the nature of the

rival schools of thought. Indeed, it was not to be wondered at that he did so understand, since he heard of nothing else day and night. Brought up by Low Church parents, Duncan at first began to do battle for that party, but he soon grew impatient of their narrow-mindedness and intolerance, and left off defending it. As to the High Church, whether he was unfortunate in the specimens he came across, I cannot say, but from the first he disliked them. The endless discussions on "uses," "functions," and I know not what beside, bored him, while the effeminacy of many of the men belonging to that school was distasteful to him, and he was perhaps inclined to ridicule what he called the man-millinery.

It was at this stage of Duncan's career that he accidentally heard the Rev. Dr. Price's well-known sermon "On the comprehensiveness of the Church of England," delivered by that divine one Sunday morning at St. M——'s. The young man had been wearied by the endless disputes between the two parties, and here was a man preaching peace—and peace was what Duncan craved for. It was this very comprehensiveness that gave it. One man might teach the doctrine of the Real Presence, and another deny it as idolatrous and monstrous, and yet there was room for them both in the Church of England! Dr. Price was the broadest of the Broad. To him scarcely anything mattered. He was, as it were, lifted up above the petty squabbles of ritual, and even of doctrine, and was content to preach a vague Christianity. He was a man of considerable power of attraction, and Duncan adopted his views. Indeed, it was soon a case with the last-named of being *plus royaliste que le roi*, and he was tolerant of everything, smiling good-naturedly at it all. He would go in the morning with his friend Moyle of Oriel to Prime at St. ——'s, and in the evening with Jones of All Souls to hear Lord Radstock at the Assembly rooms. What did it matter? The comprehensiveness of the Church of England was such that Moyle and Jones could both find room in her. Duncan was proud of his position—proud of this vague Christianity, lifted up above dogma!

So Mr. Rodney, whose mind had been disturbed at first by the faction fights, was now calm again. True, before his ordination he had modified his views—had brought himself to insist upon an honest acceptance of the Thirty-nine Articles before a man should allow himself to apply for Orders in the

Established Church, but for all that he was a very Broad Churchman still, when appointed curate of Beston with a salary of £80 a year.

And there on that large income Duncan had laboured ever since, until the morning when my tale opens, and we find him with a letter from the Bishop of the diocese offering him the living of Littleton-on-Sea in Sussex.

Beston is not a pretty village, but to Mr. Rodney it had become dear. When he had first come there he had missed the Somersetshire hills, and the flat country had seemed depressing, but little by little he had grown accustomed to the place, and in the end, as I said just now, it had become dear to him. For there he had met Laura Ward! She had been but sixteen when first they met, but ever since then no other woman had any attraction for Duncan.

Laura was just about as poor as a church-mouse, and Mr. Rodney had meant to keep silent, and to hide away in his stout heart all the great wealth of love he bore her, but in the end he had failed to carry out his determination. A year or two after the curate had come to Beston, Laura's mother, a widow, began to fail in health. It was a long, weary illness. The valley of the shadow of death is ever a dark one, and to pass through it without the sacraments of the Church is to pass through it with its gloom increased a thousand-fold. Duncan did his best, brought to the sick couch what spiritual consolations he could, for which the dying woman expressed herself grateful, and he was with her at the end. It was only then, when the tired widow had been laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of Beston, and it was found that Laura had just £50 a year to live on, that Duncan Rodney spoke out. He told the girl of his poverty—of his utter want of interest, so that any hope of preferment seemed slender indeed—and then of the great love he bore her. He waited breathless for a minute, not knowing what her answer would be, and then a white, slender hand was slipped into his, and the graceful head with the soft, wavy hair was resting against his broad chest, and Duncan Rodney felt the happiest and proudest man on earth. Laura loved him. She was content to wait and hope. She took her fifty pounds a year, and went to board with her friend Mrs. Mackie, who lived in the village of Beston, and who was not sufficiently well off to pay for the companion she so much needed. Mrs. Mackie

was very glad indeed to have Laura living with her at the "Laurels."

Mr. Rodney put the letter from the Bishop into his pocket, and passed out through the little swing gate into the dusty road. He went on down the village street, past the old inn, past the quaint, red-tiled houses, with their gardens of sweet-smelling flowers, and all the rest of the familiar scene. Now and then he paused to speak a word or two with some old man sitting at his open door, enjoying the warm sunlight which he found so pleasant to his rheumatic limbs, but he was impatient to get on, and did not linger anywhere.

The church clock was chiming the half after ten when Duncan Rodney passed the quiet God's-acre and went down the side lane to the Laurels. The young man went softly now, for in the distance he heard a voice singing—a voice he knew well, and which thrilled him all over as he listened. By-and-bye he came to the gate of the Laurels and stood still. A girl of some twenty summers, dressed in a plain white frock, was gathering roses, and did not see him at first, so Mr. Rodney let his eyes enjoy a little feast, before he spoke. She looked very pretty, standing there in God's sunlight, with her wavy brown hair and her beautiful grey eyes, and holding a great bunch of creamy roses in her white hands. By-and-bye she looked up and gave a little glad exclamation on beholding the new-comer at the gate. A great light came on Duncan Rodney's face as the slender figure drew near.

"Are you busy, Laura?" he asked.

"Not more than usual at this time of day," the girl made answer. "Why?"

"Can you spare me a quarter of an hour? I want you to come with me."

"Where to, Duncan?"

"Anywhere you like—just for a quarter of an hour's stroll."

Laura Ward nodded, and ran in to tell Mrs. Mackie she would be back in a short time, and in another minute had rejoined the young clergyman at the gate.

"I first want to take them into the churchyard," she said, holding up the sweet creamy roses to Duncan. "Are they not lovely?"

"Most lovely," the young man answered.

The pair passed through the lych-gate into the beautifully kept graveyard, and together wandered away to the corner

where, under the shade of a mighty elm, Laura's mother slept. Reverently the girl's hands arranged the roses on the steps of the cross, while Mr. Rodney cut a spray of ivy from the grey wall near, and wound it carelessly round the stem of the monument.

"Come across yonder to old Farmer Apps's shed," he said when at length the task was completed to the satisfaction of both. "I see an inverted and inviting looking packing-case awaiting us," and he drew the girl gently away, down the steps from the churchyard, across a little lane to the barn.

"Laura," he said at last, "I have come to ask you to name a day for our wedding. I have been offered by the Bishop the living of Littleton-on-Sea. It will give us £300 a year."

She gave a little start of pleasure. She could hardly believe the news—it seemed too good to be true: in fact she said so.

"Nevertheless it is true," Mr. Rodney said, with one of his rare smiles, stooping as he spoke to kiss the fresh young lips.

"O Duncan! I am so happy," she whispered. "*If only* mama had lived."

"There is always an 'if' or a 'but' in one's cup of happiness, little woman," he answered gravely.

There was a silence for a time. The barn was a secluded spot and no eyes could spy in on them. Duncan Rodney's arm had stolen round the girl's waist. By-and-bye the man's voice broke the summer stillness. "You have not told me yet, Laura, which day will suit you?"

A little gleam of amusement came into the girl's eyes. "What is the day of the month to-day, Duncan?" she asked.

"The 5th of June."

"Shall we say this day year then?" pouting her lips at him.

"No, you naughty child, we will not say anything the least like it. I have given you an opportunity of naming the day, as the lady has a right to do, but you have now lost your chance. I shall do it instead. Laura, I want you to be my wife on—*not* this day year, but this day month. Will you?"

"*If you wish it*," she whispered.

Then the lips of the lovers met in a long kiss.

The quarter of an hour's stroll was forgotten. The pair sat on in Farmer Apps's deserted barn, the sunlight stealing softly, lovingly, in upon them, the girl's head resting against the young man's shoulder, and while outside the breeze whispered among

the green leaves, the twain spoke of the new life which was before them—of its hopes, and of its fears.

"The Bishop does not disguise from me that Littleton is not likely to be a bed of roses," Duncan Rodney said. "The place is about equally divided between extreme Ritualists and extreme Evangelicals, agreeing in nothing save hatred of one another. How will such a Broad Churchman as myself get on amongst them?"

"You will teach them what you have taught me—how there is room for all shades of opinion in the Church of England."

"Not *quite* that, little woman, though at one time I own I went a long way in that direction. The Thirty-nine Articles, I take it, must be accepted if a man is to be an *honest* member of the Established Church, but they are capable of being stretched pretty freely I think, which is a good thing. Ah well! come well or ill, at least, darling, I shall have you at my side."

She looked up with a little smile; presently he went on: "Laura, you will ask for a blessing on our new life and on my work?"

Softly she answered, "Yes."

There was a silence for a while, nothing broke the hush save the whisper of the breeze among the leaves, and the eternal murmur of the little brook hard by the moss-covered wall of the shady God's-acre. Presently the silence was broken by the girl's rippling laugh. "O Duncan!" she exclaimed, "what *will* the Ritualists say to your short coats!" for Mr. Rodney was dressed in a dark grey suit, and the only clerical thing about him was a white cambric tie.

"Say!" exclaimed the other, catching something of the amusement in the girl's eyes; "say that it's a very nice coat for a small tea-party! Whatever the faults of the wearer may be, I defy them to say the cut is not good. It was made by the best tailor in Oxford. Listen: there's twelve o'clock! We came out for a quarter of an hour! I shall only just have time to write my acceptance of the Bishop's offer. Darling, God shower His blessings on you, and make me worthier of you."

And He who sitteth on high heard, I think, that prayer, and in His own way and in His own time made full answer thereto. Will you, reader, come with me through the mazes of my tale and see, if so be it strikes you that I am right in my conjecture?

CHAPTER II.

All he shows her makes him dearer,
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will end their days.—*Tennyson.*

THE train was slackening speed as it ran into Farm Junction, on the south-coast line, and Duncan Rodney and his wife began to collect their various parcels, preparatory to changing. The September sun was setting, and through the open window of the railway carriage it seemed to both that already they could scent the ocean.

"Farm Junction, change for Littleton," shouted the porters, and the clergyman helped his young bride to alight.

Duncan Rodney had been married just two months. On the 5th of July, in the quaint old church of Beston, he and Laura had been made man and wife, and for three brief weeks afterwards they had spent golden hours down by the sea at Freshwater. After the honeymoon was over, they had gone back to Beston, and had lived at Mrs. Mackie's till the new curate arrived, leaving Mr. Rodney free to take up his duties at Littleton-on-Sea. He had been over there several times by himself, when he had been introduced to the churchwardens and one or two other people, and had come back a trifle out of spirits, Laura fancied.

"Worried?" he said, in answer to her question, as, in the twilight hour, he had found her waiting for him at the cottage-gate at Beston. "No, darling—at least, only a little, and now my troubles have vanished at sight of you."

Mr. Rodney had found Littleton just as he had understood from the first, about equally divided between Ritualists and extreme Evangelicals, but, as he stepped out of the railway carriage at Farm Junction, on the evening of which I am writing, he was full of hope. That theory of the comprehensiveness of the Church of England, of which I have already spoken, was much to him. By it, he should show to these now divided people how each might hold his own particular view, and yet remain a member of the Establishment. So long as each sought to serve God in his or her own particular way, what did anything else really matter? This was his doctrine—the doctrine

which he had learned from Dr. Price—and by which he hoped to bring peace and contentment to the minds of his flock! And he was conscious, too, that in going to Littleton he had but one desire, one aim—and that was to bring his parishioners closer to God, and he felt sure, consequently, that in the end he should be understood by those whom he wished to aid. Poor Mr. Rodney! I am going to tell you of it—that is, if you care to hear—going to tell you the story of an honest, brave heart, which struggled on and strove to be loyal and true to the Church in which he was born, struggled as so many others have done, struggled, and failed.

But that beautiful evening at Farm Junction, as Duncan Rodney and his young bride paced up and down the long platform, no thought of failure or of doubt was with them, on the contrary, both their hearts were full of hope.

The short train to Littleton was soon ready, and the journey to the sea-side place quickly accomplished.

Littleton-on-Sea is not beautiful. There is a wide expanse of common land in the front, and the esplanade is made convenient for invalids by shelters with glass windows, so that they may enjoy the breeze without being frozen by the east wind, but this is almost the extent of the advantages which may be obtained in the place, though I own to a hearty liking for it all the same. The town, it is true, is a dead-alive sort of place, and Duncan expressed his fears, as they drove along the quiet street, that his young wife would regret Beston, and her numerous friends.

"But I have you," Laura whispered, "that is all I want."

By-and-bye, the cab rattled out on to the front—South Terrace, as it is called—and drew up at No. 8, a house with a small yellow verandah to it.

"I did not tell you before," Mr. Rodney said, with his quiet smile, "I have let the Rectory, which was much too large, and have taken this house instead. I thought you would enjoy being able to see the sea."

Laura made no other answer beyond pressing her husband's hand. A moment later, and they had entered their new home, and he had stooped and kissed her, bidding her welcome—thrice welcome. How often afterwards, as he sat writing in the bow-window of the dining-room, he remembered that home-coming!

It was late that first night before they retired. They sat in

the verandah, listening to the splash of the tiny wavelets, and watching the fishing-vessels as they sailed along in the silver moonlight on the still grey sea. Mr. Rodney started out for a quiet smoke when his wife went upstairs, and wandered up and down, thinking how he would seek to make his parishioners forget to war about this thing or that—forget externals of religion, forget “mere dogmas,” accept the One Ideal only, and seek to follow in His footsteps. It did not strike Duncan that there was anything odd about his views—did not strike him that if he and his flock desired to follow Christ it was surely important to know whether Christ had or had not taught this or that doctrine. Like so many outside the Catholic Church, Duncan had no real idea of a Church at all. At Oxford he had grown weary with the perpetual warfare between “High” and “Low;” and when Dr. Price had preached his comfortable doctrine that within the Establishment there was room for all, he had brought himself to believe that if a man had charity, scarce anything else mattered. The great Master had been full of charity. If we would follow in His footsteps, let us bear and forbear. This was what he was going to preach to the people of Littleton. That it would be insufficient never struck him as he walked up and down in the moonlight, thinking these things. It was late when at length he returned to the house, and went upstairs to his dressing-room, and knelt awhile in prayer. Then he rose and stole into the next room. The night-lamp was turned low, and the soft rays fell on the face of Laura as she slept. How childlike she looked, lying there with her wavy brown hair resting on the white pillow, and the long lashes showing plainly now that her eyes were closed. He bent down, and, without waking her, softly kissed her. Then he laid himself down, but it was long before he slept. He lay there listening to the soft, regular breathing beside him, while now and then his lips moved. I fancy he was thanking God for giving him his heart's desire. I think it was well that he did so. We are all eager enough to pray for what we wish, but, if our prayer is heard, how often, or at least how *soon*, do we forget to give thanks?

The next morning was a very warm one, more like a June day than a September one. Breakfast, with Laura sitting opposite to him, was very pleasant to the Rector. He looked at her in her pretty morning gown trimmed with lace, which had been part of the *trousseau* good Mrs. Mackie had insisted on giving her, and he thought again, as he had done

*

on the previous night, what a child she looked, and after all, what a fragile creature she was. When the meal was over he went over to her, putting his arm round her waist.

"You are always quite well, are you not, darling? I mean, you do not feel ill?"

"Ill! Oh, no!" she answered, looking up with her beautiful eyes at him—eyes which had a little shy look in them still when he praised and caressed her. "I feel a trifle tired sometimes, but that will go now that we have come to be near the fresh, strong sea. Let us go out now, shall we—down to the sands? It will do us good."

Mr. Rodney smiled. "Run away and dress, darling. I will take a holiday, though I had meant to prepare my sermon; but that will do quite well to-morrow. I suppose people will hardly come to call so early as this?"

Laura went away after that, while her husband seated himself by the open window and began to enjoy his paper. He had time to digest a good bit of it, too, before his wife came back in her walking costume. They had finished breakfast at half-past nine, and the little black clock on the mantel-piece was chiming eleven as Laura entered.

"I am so sorry, dear one," she said. "I know I have kept you waiting, but it wasn't exactly my fault. I had to interview the cook about all sorts of things wanted for the house, besides ordering luncheon and dinner. Oh, Duncan, I do hope it will be right! Mrs. Mackie tried to teach me, but I am afraid I shall make a few mistakes. I have ordered—no, I won't tell you, because I want it to be a surprise—that is, the dinner, I mean. For luncheon I have only got the cold meat left from last night, and a salad."

Mr. Rodney smiled at her eagerness. He was a man profoundly indifferent as to what he ate all times, above all, now that he took his dinner with his beautiful young wife opposite to him.

"Why, Laura," he said, laughing, "one would think, to hear you, that I was a West End club man, instead of the Rector of a poor little seaside town. I feast with my eyes now, not with my palate. So long as you are at the opposite end of the table, I doubt if I should discover it if I was set down to a joint of kangaroo."

They went out after that—she laughing gaily, and he with his grave, gentle smile, pleased that she was pleased.

"That's the new Rector and his wife," said old Mrs. Randle to her daughter, as she sat in the bow-window of her large, ugly, white house. Mrs. Randle was the wife of a rich, retired London tradesman, and her brother, Mr. Oliver Barker, was the leading light of the Evangelical party of Littleton. "My word, Anna," she went on, "but she's pretty! I don't think much of his dress—it isn't a bit like a clergyman's! I ain't sure, though, I wouldn't rather have it so, than got up like them Puseyite fellows, with their long coats and their collars fastened behind. Ah! there's nothing to equal the good old style! A white neck-cloth and an open Bible is my motto. My word! if he hasn't got on a pea-jacket! Certainly he don't look the clergyman, but then I hear that at heart he's quite an *Atheist*."

"Lor', ma! A clergyman, too! How shocking! Do you call her pretty? I don't—at least, not very. And I can't bear to see a minister's wife dressed up smart. I see what she'll be—just one to give herself airs, like that Honourable Mrs. Stanley Seymour, whose husband took the duty when Mr. Barwell was first ill."

Mr. Barwell was the late Rector of Littleton. He had been a man of what I may call the old school—indifferent to religion—one who made the Established Church a profession; and during his long illness he had employed many clergymen as *locum tenentes*—some High, some Low, and one an Extreme Ritualist. Mr. Barwell was quite indifferent, so long as the clergyman taking his duty did it cheaply. The confusion in the minds of the Littletonites may be more easily imagined than described, since the Ritualist in question had, for a few Sundays, taught from the pulpit the doctrine of Transubstantiation, but when his time came to an end he was followed by a rabid Irish Protestant, who declared of all damnable idolatries the doctrine of the Real Presence was the most damnable, and in support of his assertion read aloud Article XXVIII,¹ upon which several members of the more advanced section of the congregation left the church.

¹ Extract from Article XXVIII.: "Transubstantiation (or the change in the substance of bread and wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions." As the whole of the Thirty-nine Articles have to be subscribed to by every minister of the Established Church at his ordination, it is difficult to understand how men who are undoubtedly honourable can preach the doctrine and yet remain in the Establishment. That it is preached a few visits to any Ritualistic church will very easily prove.

As both the clergymen were licensed by the Bishop of the diocese, who lived not twenty miles from Littleton, and as both the sermons were published *in extenso* in the local paper, and consequently must have been seen by him, and as he took no steps whatever in the matter, the minds of the parishioners were, I say, a good deal confused.

Meanwhile, Mr. Rodney and his wife, wholly unconscious of the remarks of Mrs. Randle and her daughter Anna, wandered away across the broad common to the esplanade. The place was almost deserted, for in the days of which I am writing, Littleton-on-Sea had fewer summer visitors than it has now. The tide was out, too, so that the bathers had not yet come down, and the only figures to be seen on the beach were two people—both women—apparently intent on a search for sea-anemones among the rocks. Duncan and his wife wandered up and down for a long while, planning out their future life, and then, when Laura began to get tired, together they went and sat on a bench, listening to the gentle splash of the waves, and watching the quiet sea which sparkled in the sunlight.

"This reminds me of Freshwater," Laura said once after a long silence, "sitting here in the sun, and the sound of the waves, and having you beside me."

For answer Mr. Rodney gently touched her hand. "We will go to Freshwater again. I think we must manage a day or two there each year, in remembrance of our honeymoon," he said.

Laura smiled her thanks at him, and again silence fell between them, until the sound of voices made them look up. It was the searchers for sea-anemones, coming up from the beach. The first was a tall and very distinguished looking person in a rather eccentric costume, and carrying a great quantity of sea-weed in her hand, while the second was a short, discontented looking being, evidently a maid, who held a large basket.

"Pray why in the world do you carry your basket upside down," the lady asked in a peculiarly determined voice, which, however, had something unmistakably aristocratic in its tone; "do you suppose, my *good* Louise, that anemones are happier on their heads?"

But "the good Louise" did not appear to have any ideas on the subject, one way or the other. She hated sea-anemones,

and had been with her mistress looking for them on the beach since nine o'clock, and it was then past one, and the poor thing sadly needed her dinner. The lady stalked on, gazing curiously at the Rector and his wife as she passed.

The last-named couple were not left long in their seclusion. The very same afternoon Mr. Rodney and his wife were debating where they should go for a walk, when the drawing-room door was thrown open, and the little parlour-maid announced—"Miss St. Barbe."

A moment later, and the lady with a taste for sea-anemones appeared. She was dressed exactly as she had been in the morning, except that instead of a straw hat she now wore a bonnet fastened at the very back of her head in such a way that it was a perfect miracle it remained on at all.

"How do you do," she said, holding out her hand to Laura. I have not the very *smallest* doubt but that you consider me the greatest possible bore in calling before you are settled, but I don't mind that the least in the *world*,"—tremendous emphasis on "*world*,"—"because I have come to see your husband, *not* to see you! Next week, I shall wear a black silk gown, and call to see you and *not* your husband. How do you do, Mr. Rector? I am delighted to see you, because I am told you are a Broad Churchman. You are the first Broad Churchman we have had here. *I* am Broad Church. When I lived at home in my father's time—I dare say you have heard of him—he kept race-horses. When I was fifteen, Straightaway won the Derby. He was the owner—however, that is nothing to do with what I am saying. In *his* time every one was strictly Evangelical; consequently I was brought up in that school. When I grew up, however, I got disgusted with it. If you want anything really narrow-minded take a Low Churchman, just as, if you want anything silly and illogical, take a High Churchman—I mean a modern High Churchman—who plays at being a Catholic, and is about as much like one as that cottage piano is like the great organ in Seville Cathedral. So as I said just now, I'm delighted to see you in Littleton. When our poor Rector was dying I called on each *locum tenens*, but I never got on with any of them. Not one was a really loyal member of the Church Established. Now I hope and believe you are."

Then Miss St. Barbe seated herself, and looked round the room with her own particular smile, which, while it expressed

complete self-satisfaction, and amused tolerance for your inferiority, was yet a very sweet smile for all that.

Mr. Rodney stared at his visitor as if unable to make her out, and then, as his glance fell on Laura's face of utter bewilderment, he all but burst out laughing. He managed, however, to mutter something to the effect that as the Bishop had appointed him Rector of Littleton out of fifty-seven applicants, he ventured to hope that might be considered sufficient proof of his being a loyal member of the Church of England.

"Oh, *you* think so—I don't," retorted Miss St. Barbe. "The last creature but one his lordship sent here, while that poor old fool was dying—God forgive me for calling him so now that he is in his grave—was a thing—I won't call it a man—a thing that went about the streets in a long, black dressing-gown, reaching to its heels, and a large, soft hat. I suppose he thought he looked like a French Abbé—he didn't a bit. I never saw him without remembering the *Happy Thoughts of Punch*, where, describing the High Church chaplain at some place abroad, he says, 'His resemblance to a Catholic priest would be perfect, if there was only the slightest chance of his being mistaken for anything but an English Protestant minister.' The real dress of a Catholic priest, as one sees it abroad, is a most suitable one, but the Ritualistic imitation of it here is disgusting. Now, I approve of your costume. Kindly do not alter it. See that he always dresses like that, Mrs. Rodney, please."

"We were afraid the good people of Littleton might be startled at his short coats," Laura answered with a little smile.

"Speak for yourself, Laura," her husband broke in. "It was *you* who expressed the fears. I hope to find my parishioners a cut above such foolishness. What can it matter *what* a man wears?"

"*Exactly* what I have *always* said," the visitor broke in. "I say the same about a woman, though I don't practise what I preach, because this afternoon I have put on a bonnet. They tell me it is improper at Littleton to call in the afternoon in a hat. Accordingly I call in a bonnet. Louise—Louise is my maid—says that it is the fashion to wear the bonnet at the back of the head, and that the Empress Eugénie in her best days *always* did it. I wish to be like the Empress Eugénie in her best days, and so I do it too," and Miss St. Barbe folded

her arms, leant back in her chair, and looked round once more with her customary slow smile. Mr. Rodney was forced to go to the window and make a pretence of pulling aside the curtains, while Laura timidly asked where her visitor lived.

"At *present*," Miss St. Barbe answered, "I live at No. 40, about fifteen doors from the other end of the front, which happens to be the end I hate. The houses are modern and not nearly so well built as those at this end. In my time I have lived in very nearly all of them, so I ought to know. If you want to know anything about your parishioners, you had better come and ask me." The last was suddenly addressed to Mr. Rodney. The latter smiled.

"I suppose there's something of a mixture," he said. "I found that out when I came over and was introduced to the churchwardens."

"There's a good deal of difference between the two men themselves," the lady answered, "as you no doubt discovered. Mr. Peller is simply a narrow-minded idiot—an ardent admirer of the Randle section of the congregation. Oh! I forgot you don't know the Randles yet. You will, quite soon enough for your peace of mind. Mrs. Randle is a vulgar, illiterate old woman, and her brother, Mr. Barker, is the shining light among the Low Church party—or rather the *extreme* Low Church party, for they are all divided among themselves. The only thing to be said for them is that they are not *quite* so split up as the High Church section. Amongst the latter you have every shade of opinion, from those who accept Transubstantiation, down to those who have not got farther than the Tractarians of forty years ago—who turn to the east at the Creed, but are afraid of a couple of vases with flowers. 'While observing the beauty of Anglican ritual, they do not wish to be drawn into the exaggerations of Roman Catholicism,' Mr. West will tell you. Mr. West leads the High and dry section, and is dryness itself personified."

Mr. Rodney tried not to smile, but failed.

"Now I am going," said the visitor. "I have scandalized you quite enough for one day, but I am not so uncharitable as you think. Amongst all the *shades*, there are some individuals who really try to live up to what they profess—I *respect* those. The people I have been talking about are—well we will leave them for to-day—first, because I want to go and walk by the sea; secondly, because I don't want to keep you in this bright afternoon since *that* child ought to have a great deal more

colour on her cheeks than she has. Pray why don't you give her iron three times a day? Thirdly, I am going because that poor fool Louise is walking up and down, and if I don't start at once, will probably be crying to be taken home for her tea before I have had time for a walk. Good-bye to you both. Come and see me when you like. And look here," turning to Mr. Rodney, "don't for a moment suppose that these fools—I mean the people of Littleton when I say fools—will help you. One half will run you down because you don't wear a green shawl in church, and the other half will run you down because they will say that in your heart you want to wear one. *You* are man enough to bear that. Keep up your courage, and give that child iron." Then Miss St. Barbe gave a little pat to Laura's shoulder, and a warm hand pressure to Mr. Rodney, and took her departure.

Through the open window they heard her address her maid: "Pray, my good Louise, why in the *world* do you stand still in the sun? Don't you know none but a fool does that?"

"Duncan, what an extraordinary person!" Laura exclaimed. "Is she mad, do you think?"

Mr. Rodney was silent for a minute, and then he said: "Certainly not that—eccentric perhaps—and, Laura, it is borne in upon my mind that there is something in Miss St. Barbe. I may be wrong, but I think so."

How often afterwards those two remembered that speech—how often!

Reviews.

I.—THE CELTIC CHURCH OF WALES.¹

THE most striking characteristic of Mr. Willis Bund's volume, it seems to us, is its singular confusion of thought. He has written a book about the Welsh Church, but we cannot for the life of us, though the question is vital to his argument, make out what sort of an entity he conceives a "Church" to be. He has put together a long and bewildering chapter upon the antagonism to the Latin system involved in the Welsh conception of sanctity, and the whole point amounts to this, that the title Saint, if we may trust his facts, was used amongst early Welsh Christians as a mere prefix of honour, without any implication of exceptional holiness of life. May we not hear, even in our own day, the title Holy Father used sometimes of the Pope, sometimes of a simple missionary, but in neither case with any reference to the personal qualities of the individual so described? Does it follow that those who so speak have no conception of what holiness means, and that the veneration of saints has no place in their doctrinal system. Let it be added in passing, that we can see nothing in the least bit contradictory to Latin Christianity in the fact, supposing it to be a fact, that early Celtic documents do not use the prefix Saint before the names of men like St. Patrick, or St. David. It does not imply that the prefix is considered inapplicable, but only that it is thought banal and superfluous. We talk now of Dickens and Tennyson, not of Mr. Dickens and Lord Tennyson, and modern Catholic writers, while they will often speak familiarly of "Mary," without any prefix at all, will hardly ever be found to employ the form, Saint Mary. Such things are simply matters of usage, and it seems to us ludicrous to erect them into fundamental points of difference destroying Catholic unity.

We have no wish to deny that Mr. Willis Bund writes with considerable knowledge of his subject, or that from the historian's

¹ *The Celtic Church of Wales.* By J. W. Willis Bund. London: D. Nutt, 1897.

point of view there are many useful things to be found in his volume, but with the polemical part of his work, and it is largely polemical, we cannot profess to sympathize. It is easy to theorize about the ancient Welsh Church. Authentic information is scanty and leaves large scope for the imagination. Moreover, if any document is adduced which does not fit in with the new theory, nothing can be simpler than to say that it has been "Romanized," or belongs to a later date. It is Mr. Bund's ambition to show that the Welsh and the Latin Churches, down to the time of Henry II., were in sharp antagonism. To our thinking, he affords no sort of evidence at all for his contention, except what is merely negative. The position, as we conceive it, was simply this. The Welsh Church was very inaccessible when looked at from the centre of ecclesiastical unity. It was quite inconsiderable in numbers, in learning, in wealth, or in civilization. It was cut off from its Saxon neighbours, who were most likely to influence it, not only by geographical barriers, but by differences of race and language. It is not wonderful, therefore, that it should have been left a good deal to itself. No doubt it retained many of the peculiarities of an older and more primitive system; it did not fall in rapidly with the developments which were accepted throughout the rest of the Christian world. But there is absolutely no reason in all this for regarding it as independent of Rome. That the Celtic Churches of Ireland and Scotland recognized thoroughly their dependence on Rome, seems to us to have been proved to demonstration. See, for instance, the facts collected in Cardinal Moran's *Essays on the Early Irish Church*. The antiquity of the famous Irish canon: "Si quæ quæstiones (difficiles) in hac insula oriantur, ad Sedem Apostolicam referantur," remains practically uncontested. If the evidence in the case of the Celtic Church of Wales is less conclusive, the fact seems to us to be due not to any formal rejection of Roman supremacy, but simply to the obscurity and insignificance of that remote corner of Christendom.

2.—THE MAKING OF ABBOTSFORD.¹

It was a happy thought of Mrs. Maxwell-Scott to unite in this charming volume some papers contributed at various times

¹ *The Making of Abbotsford, and Incidents in Scottish History.* By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford. London: Adam and Charles Black.

to the magazines. They are papers well worth reading and preserving.

There is probably not another house in the three kingdoms which is so much visited as Abbotsford, and the pleasure of seeing it will be materially increased to those who come provided with some history of its making. Sir Walter Scott's interest in the spot dates back from his boyhood, when his father pointed it out to him during a drive, and told him of the many border battles which had been fought in its neighbourhood. It was not wonderful, therefore, that in after-days he should have chosen it for the site of his future home. He began by buying two plots, on one of which stood a small house, portrayed for us in one of the illustrations to this volume. As time went on, he added to this rudimentary commencement one portion after another, until at last the house looked like a mediæval mansion where the Shorra, as he was called, could receive his friends according to his taste. The house is full of interesting things, but the chief charm is in the man whose spirit seems still to cling to it. We see him sitting in his study amidst the various objects which from their association with his works have acquired a sort of historical interest, and we feel quite at home with him as with a friend.

Of the additions made to the house by her own father the authoress says nothing, but they were considerable. There is one point also in connection with the house which was of much interest to Mr. Hope-Scott. The name Abbotsford suggests that the ground was once Church property, and Mrs. Maxwell-Scott seems to be under the impression that this was the case. Her father, however, told the present writer that it was not so. He had ascertained that the name was of Sir Walter's own manufacture. As there had been an Abbot of Melrose close by, and there was a ford across the Tweed at the foot of the property, he combined the two, and made out of them the name of Abbotsford.

If, however, the house was never Church property, it is a house between which and the Catholic Church very interesting associations have been formed. Even in Sir Walter's days these associations commenced. He was not a Catholic himself, nor was he free from some strong Protestant prejudices. Still unconsciously he had in him a real Catholic spirit, which, had he lived in later times, would surely have led him into the Church. This spirit, too, can be detected in his writings, to

which Cardinal Newman did not hesitate to ascribe a potent influence in bringing about the Catholic revival. But in Mr. Hope-Scott's time Abbotsford became a Catholic centre for the Border County, and, thanks in large measure to his generosity—for, as Cardinal Newman put it, "he gave away his money in lap-fulls"—several churches have sprung up around it.

Though the first essay gives its name to the present volume, the others which it contains are perhaps superior in interest, for after all the references to Abbotsford are somewhat fragmentary. We have notices of St. Machar, the companion of St. Columba, and Apostle of Aberdeen; of St. Magnus the martyr, patron of the Orkney Islands, and of the good Queen Margaret. Also there are contributions to the history of Mary, Queen of Scots, to that of the Scots Guards in France, of the Lennox family, and of the famous Lady Nithsdale, who delivered her husband from the Tower of London.

3.—THE VENERABLE DOM JOHN ROBERTS.¹

In this interesting study, Dom Bede Camm sets before us a man of remarkable character, the fearless, active, outspoken Benedictine, John Roberts, a martyr of no ordinary kind. Until now, the story of his heroic death was practically all that was known about him, but Father Camm has ransacked Europe, one might almost say, in search for further particulars; and has succeeded so well, that we can now study in detail, not only the martyr's life and character, but his times as well.

Dom Camm has satisfactorily cleared up the obscurities which previously hung about the martyr's birth, and about his training at Oxford and Furnival's Inn. He has gleaned particulars, some brief some ample, about his conversion in Paris, his life both in the Seminary and in the cloisters at Valladolid and Santiago; about his devotion to the plague-stricken in London, and his vigorous combats for the rights of his Order. The indomitable pluck of this spirited Welshman, in returning five times to the work of the mission, despite prisons and repeated banishment, is deservedly emphasized. All this belongs to the new matter, and even in regard to what was known before, we are provided with fresh details which are well worthy of record.

¹ *A Benedictine Martyr in England*, being the Life and Times of the Venerable Servant of God, Dom John Roberts, O.S.B. By Dom Bede Camm. London: Bliss and Sands, 1897. xvi. and 317 pp.

It is an illustration, too, of the thoroughness of the author's work, that he exhibits his hero to us in contact, as a missionary priest should be, with all sorts and conditions of men. Sometimes we find him in company with those esteemed as saints, like Father Weston and Donna Louisa de Carvajal. Sometimes we find him thrown in with men whom we now know to have been sinners, like John Cecil and Lewis Owen. As a monk he embraced a life of perpetual seclusion, as a missionary he was sent on many a long and perilous journey. Then we read of escapes and banishments, of capture and recapture, of busy work in London alternating with the solitude of the monk's cell and the felon's dungeon. There is a feast in his honour in prison, there are the pleasantries of a heart at rest on the scaffold, many things, in short, stranger than those we are accustomed to find in fiction. Oftentimes there were trials from the good, sometimes the consolation of an unlooked-for conversion, always labour, occasionally success. And the end was "a spectacle to angels and to men."

Father Camm has given us a book which will find, we hope, many attentive readers. By embracing, however, in his theme the martyr's times as well as his life, he has set himself a subject so very wide and varied, that the result must needs be a little wanting in unity, though the volume gains by it in fulness of information. Some lovers of history, too, would reckon elaborate scene-painting, such as that in chapter vi. and elsewhere, to be a deflection from the highest standard of the art.

4.—BLESSED RUDOLPH ACQUAVIVA.¹

Blessed Rudolph Acquaviva was a nephew of the famous Claude Acquaviva, fifth General of the Society of Jesus. Sprung from one of the first families among the Neapolitan nobility, he had before him the highest prospects of worldly prosperity, but his choice lay in another direction. From childhood the marks of his future vocation were visible in his wonderful gift of prayer, his spirit of penance, and his ardent interest in the apostleship of the heathen. His attraction to the Society was also from his childhood so marked that he used to be called

¹ *The First Christian Mission to the Great Mogul*; or, *The Story of Blessed Rudolf Acquaviva, and of his Four Companions in Martyrdom, of the Society of Jesus*. By Francis Goldie, of the same Society. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son; London: The Art and Book Company.

the little Jesuit. When sixteen he begged permission to enter the Noviceship, and succeeded so well in overcoming his father's opposition, that the latter in tears exclaimed: "My son, it is not you that speak, but one within you, whom I can neither gainsay nor oppose."

Just when his theological studies were drawing to a close, the desire to go on the Indian Mission was awakened within him. He was sent, and having been ordained at Lisbon whilst on his journey to the East, he reached Goa in 1578. For a time he was employed there in missionary work, but after a year he was deputed, with one or two others, to visit the Emperor Akbar, at Fatepuhr-Sikri, that potentate having expressed the desire to hear of the Catholic religion. Blessed Rudolph remained at Fatepuhr-Sikri for four years, but, although meeting with kindness from Akbar, he was unable to make any impression on one whose mind, it turned out, was bent on inventing a religion of his own for the benefit of his countrymen, a religion in which the doctrine of Royal Supremacy was to be the leading dogma. On returning to Goa, Blessed Rudolph was next sent to the peninsula of Salsette, where he was shortly afterwards martyred along with four companions, all, like himself, beatified in 1893. Father Goldie has given a careful account of the life both of Blessed Rudolph and of his companions, and has added nice maps, which are of great assistance to the reader.

5.—DANTE'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.¹

The idea of this book is decidedly good. Assuming what is hardly now disputed, that of the many senses which Dante allows may underlie his *Commedia*, the mystic and spiritual sense is altogether principal, that, in other words, it tells of the soul's progress from the dark wood to the sun-clad heights, the author has selected and concatenated just those passages which bear upon this theme; and on the alternate pages opposite the Italian text has furnished certain prose illustrations entitled "Notes by the Way." We cannot pretend to have examined all these last in detail; but on the whole we have found them helpful and satisfactory. Perhaps the commentator is more of a moralist than a mystic, and in consequence occasionally

¹ *Dante's Pilgrim's Progress; with Notes on the Way.* By Emilia Russell Gurney. London: Elliot Stock, 1897.

fails to enter into the fulness of the original. Here and there we are inclined to question the interpretation, *e.g.*,

In tutte parti impera et quivi regge.

Here we are told that "the word *imperare* implies an exercise of force or external authority; while the word *reggere* may be used for an internal rule or law of life." But surely the simple and direct sense is that while God governs all and is everywhere present, in Heaven He displays His presence and holds His court (*regge*); and therefore the text goes on to explain the distinction:

Quive é la sua cittade e l'alto seggio.

But the volume is altogether suggestive and apt for the author's purpose, which is not to contribute a new commentary on Dante, but rather to furnish "subjects for meditation *with* Dante on the eternal verities he unfolds and on our abiding portion in God."¹

6.—THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS.²

Whatever its limitations, this is a remarkable book which few will begin without finishing, unless indeed they are repelled by the first chapter, which is undoubtedly the weakest in the volume and quite unworthy of those that succeed it. Intermingling fact and fiction is a device much in vogue among recent novelists, whereby the illusion of the reader's imagination is more easily effected than where it depends wholly on the creative power of the artist. It is as though one were to mix real and artificial flowers in the same bouquet. When Mr. Disraeli in his ordinary attire walks on to the stage to take his part with other actors in costume, it is harder to distinguish substance from shadow. For ourselves we prefer pure fiction or even pure fact were it attainable, and the author's powers in this case stand in no need of such an artifice. One ill result of the method, apparent in these undeniably fascinating pages, is a loss of unity in structure; for the course of real history refuses to be governed by literary laws. The true interest and power of the book which almost entirely obliterates these defects, lies in the distinct individuality of so many of the characters. As a rule, if we find two or three personalities in a novel, we willingly pardon the nonentities

¹ Preface.

² *The School for Saints.* By John Oliver Hobbes. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1897.

which pad the interstices of the story, and which the author has laboured out of a grudging brain. But here Parflete, Pensée Fitz-Rewes, the Countess Des Escas, Reckage, Hercy, and the Archduke, are all well-defined types, worth studying. The writer's Catholic sympathies are no doubt very prominent, though in no sense inartistically pushed forward, as it were, with a purpose. Even Disraeli, whose spirit haunts John Oliver Hobbes, recognized that strange hankerings after Rome were too characteristic of a certain section of the upper classes to be ignored in a true portrayal of the same. With many indeed it is little more than an historical sentiment which clings to some lingering survival of an incomprehensible past, which can never return—the interest of Stonehenge; but with others it is the interest of faith and hope re-awakening to self-consciousness.

7.—ENGLISH HISTORICAL PLAYS.¹

Besides Shakespeare's historical plays from *King John* to *Henry VIII.*, we have here Peele's *Edward I.*, Marlow's *Edward II.*, also what may be an early production of Shakespeare, *Edward III.*, Heywood's *Edward IV.*, and Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*. The battle-scenes are omitted, and much that is "gross, tedious, trivial, obscure, or unintelligible," as the Preface states. We must thank Mr. Donovan for two very readable volumes, good sauce to the scientific histories that are written now for examination purposes. These volumes are worthy of the attention of any stage-manager, or presiding genius of private theatricals.

It is not Mr. Donovan's fault that Peele's *Edward I.* is not a better play. With all his care and improvement of it, it remains very poor stuff. Any average member of the House of Commons could have written as well, or better. The worst of it is, that it gives a very unfair idea of the consolidator of Great Britain, the greatest of our English Kings. We really think it were better away. Edward III., on the other hand, receives, as usual, more glory than he deserves. But what can one expect, if the grandson is to be presented by the youthful Shakespeare, while the grandfather has only Peele to vouch for him? *Edward IV.*, we observe, is a condensation of two plays. This may account for the obvious want of unity. In Mr. Donovan's

¹ *English Historical Plays, arranged for acting as well as for reading*, by Thomas Donovan. Vol. i. 47 pp.; vol. ii. 468 pp. London: Macmillan.

pages, the play falls into three almost disconnected parts, the Tanner of Tamworth, Jane Shore, and Edward IV.'s most unsatisfactory expedition to France. *Henry IV.* is compounded into one play. *Henry VIII.* is shortened, as it deserves to be, and part of the authorship is set down to Fletcher. On the whole, the Shakespearian plays in this volume will float the rest. We are glad to see the others preserved; they increase our appreciation of Shakespeare.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Bishop of Newport has published in a separate form the sermon he preached at Ebbs Fleet.¹ Apart from its beauty as a composition, which is considerable, it is of value for the skill with which it gathers the personal characteristics of St. Augustine, by weighing carefully the few sources of evidence preserved to us.

*Kurzer Biblischer Handbuch*² is the first volume of a Short Introduction to Holy Scripture, by Professor Franz Kaulen, who has epitomized it from his larger work. Other volumes are to follow dealing with Biblical Archæology, and Hermeneutics. The readers primarily intended are beginners in the study of Holy Scripture, but even more advanced students will like to have such an epitome by them.

Ontologia,³ by Father Frick, is the second and revised edition of a volume belonging to the Exaeten and Stonyhurst series of philosophical manuals. That it should have reached a second edition so soon is proof that the clearness and soundness of its definitions are appreciated.

*A Round Table of the Representative Irish and English Catholic Novelists*⁴ contains twelve short stories by authors whose names are well-known amongst us. The stories are

¹ *The Apostle of England.* By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, Bishop of Newport. London: Art and Book Company.

² *Kurzer Biblischer Handbuch.* By Dr. Franz Kaulen. Erstes Bändchen. Freiburg: Herder.

³ *Ontologia sive Metaphysica Generalis in usum scholarum.* Auctore Carolo Frick, S.J. Editio altera emendata. Freiburg: Hurter.

⁴ *A Round Table of the Representative Irish and English Catholic Novelists.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

cleverly written and make up a nice volume. American customs, however, are not English customs, and it is questionable whether these English ladies will approve of having their photographs prefixed to their respective contributions, not to speak of the strange way in which their names are paraded on the cover.

Coming Events,¹ by A. A. Hyde, is a novelette in which the scene is laid in France during the time of the Franco-Prussian war. *Tom's Luck-pot*,² *Buzzer's Christmas*,³ the *Three Little Kings*,⁴ and *Master Fridolin*,⁵ are four little Christmas stories, each of which is charmingly told. *Besaleel*,⁶ and *Aser*,⁷ are likewise Christmas stories, but of which the scene is laid in Jerusalem in our Lord's time. They are illustrated by photographs, and each is in a little case. They are evidently meant for Christmas presents.

*Butterfly Ballads*⁸ is a delightful little book of serio-comic verses by Miss Helen Atteridge, with equally delightful illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne and others. It is a book for children which clever children will perhaps like, and grown-up children are sure to like. It will cause them many a merry laugh.

*Salve Regina*⁹ is an enjoyable piece of church music. Though quite simple in structure, its melodious theme and accurate harmonies are very satisfying. It is to be hoped that Father Raymond-Barker will produce for us much more work of the same standard. English Catholic music is still far too ill provided with pieces so meritorious and so easily within the reach of our least well-to-do choirs.

New Testament.¹⁰ Messrs. Burns and Oates have just brought out a fresh edition of the English Catholic Testament. It forms a handy octavo of much larger type that is usual with our New Testaments, and yet is very cheap, costing only two shillings.

¹ *Coming Events cast their Shadows*. By A. A. Hyde. London: Washbourne.

² *Tom's Luck-pot*. By Mary Waggaman.

³ *Buzzer's Christmas*. By Mary Waggaman.

⁴ *Three Little Kings*. By Emily Giehl.

⁵ *Master Fridolin*. By Emily Giehl.

⁶ *Besaleel*. By Marion Ames Taggart. New York: Benziger.

⁷ *Aser*. By Marion Ames Taggart. New York: Benziger.

⁸ *Butterfly Ballads, and Stories in Rhyme*. By Helen Atteridge, with illustrations by Gordon Browne, Louis Wain, and others. London: John Milne, Norfolk Street, Strand.

⁹ *Salve Regina*. For Chorus (S.A.T.B.) and Organ. By C. Raymond-Barker, S.J. London: Novello, Ewer, and Co. 2d.

¹⁰ *New Testament*. London: Burns and Oates.

The Catholic Truth Society sends us several small volumes. *Unravell'd Convictions*, by Lady Amabel Kerr, is a second edition of a very interesting little autobiographical study written many years since. It records the course of ideas through which, when still a young girl, and without any instructor to aid her, the authoress thought her way into the Catholic Church. We trust it may be useful to others on the road to the Church, who have still their convictions to unravel.

Carmen's Secret, by Baroness Pauline von Hügel, is the story of some Catholic children who succeeded in converting an excellent, but highly-prejudiced aunt. Carmen, the chief agent in the conversion, is a beautiful character, drawn with much skill and sympathy. This story is a little gem.

To Calvary through the Mass is by Father Eric Leslie, S.J. It is an exposition of the doctrine of the Mass in the form of a dialogue. The slight story makes the volume pleasant reading, and the expositions of doctrine are clear and simple.

Other volumes sent by the Catholic Truth Society are *Under the Red King*, by Miss Home; *Dominican Missions and Martyrs in Japan*, by Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.; a bound volume of *Wayside Tales*, and several separate numbers of the same; *Confessio Viatoris*, by Mr. Kegan Paul; *Paris*, and *St. Francis Assisi*, two companions to the Magic Lantern; and a leaflet on the *Immaculate Conception*.

Messrs. Burns and Oates also send us the *Catholic Directory*, an old friend, whose contents are as well-known as they are indispensable to all interested in our Catholic statistics. The only change we notice in the present issue is the substitution of a page on the Burial Laws Amendment Act, in place of that which used to be devoted to Mortmain and Charitable Uses.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The ÉTUDES (December 5.)

The Discovery of the old-time Christians in Japan. *Father Delaporte*. Memories of 1870: the Germans at Versailles. *Father J. Noury*. Zenaïde Fleuriot. *Father L. Chervoillot*. The Lessons of Entomology. *Father de Joannis*. China: Kiang-Nan. *Father J. Bastard*. Reviews, Chronicle, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (November 28.)

The Composition of the Gospels in the idea of Professor Harnack. *Father G. A. Kneller*. Masterpieces of Eccle-

siastical Architecture in Florence. *Father M. Meschler*.
 *The Religion of Shakespeare. *Father A. Baumgartner*.
 Buddhism and Moral Evolution. *Father J. Dahlmann*.
 The Family of Paussidæ. *Father E. Wasmann*. The
 Apartments of Alexander VI. in the Vatican. *Father*
J. Beissel. Reviews, &c.

— (January 1.)

After Twenty-five Years. The Moral Aspects of Trades'
 Unions. *Father H. Pesch*. Are Catholics incapable of
 high offices of State? *Father A. Lehmkuhl*. The Cid
 in History and Epic. *Father A. Baumgartner*. The
 Rise and Fall of de Lamennais. *Father O. Pfülf*. The
 Reorganization of the Franciscan Order. *Father J. Blötzer*.
 Edgar Tinel's New Musical Drama, "Godoleva." *Father*
T. Schmid. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (December 4.)

To Whom do the Churches belong? The Pelasgic Hittites.
 The International Social Congress of Zurich. A Mite
 for the poor Nuns of Italy. In the Land of the Brahmins
 (Novel). Reviews, &c.

— (December 18.)

Catholic Action in Italy. The Good Samaritan of Wörishofen.
 The Claims of the Artisan and Scientific Socialism.
 Catholics without knowing it. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (December.)

The Immaculate Conception in Calderon's "Autos Sacra-
 mentales." *A. Wibbelt*. Theology and Christian Archæo-
 logy. *C. M. Kaufmann*. The History of the Rosary.
T. Esser, O.P. Panagia Capuli at Ephesus. *Dr. Nirschl*.
 Geology and the Deluge. *Dom M. Gauder, O.S.B.*
 Reviews, &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (December 15.)

Speech of Mgr. Bouvier to the Catholic Faculties of Lyons.
 Mgr. Dupanloup as a Controversialist. *Abbé Delfour*.
 The Work of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel.
P. Fontaine. Father Hecker, Founder of the American
 Paulists. *M. de Marcey*. A Friend of General Bonaparte.
C. Bader. Recent Philosophy. *E. Blanc*. Archæological
 Notes. *J. B. Martin*. Reviews, &c.

